

NBC'S FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY



75¢

No. 21

4/15/78

CASTLE
of

FRANKENSTEIN







WRAPAROUND Cover: In Super Colorama, THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, by artist Marzio the Magician!

FRANKENSTEIN

OPERATING TABLE OF CONTENTS

LETTERS — Where readers and Editor get together.	4
GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD — A Golden Voyage into Magic and Animation: Ray HARRYHAUGEN'S First film in over four years.	6
JONATHAN — 1973's widely acclaimed Vampire Spectacle.	16
NBC's FRANKENSTEIN — It rocked the entertainment world.	18
CoF's SLAYMATE — Spotlighting: Caroline Munro.	25
VAMPIRA — Will the next Count Dracula please stand up?	26
INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS — An in-depth study of the film, and an interview with director DON SIEGEL.	28
CoF's TV MOVIEGUIDE — It's now O-ficial.	38
FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE:	
Film Reviews	43
On TV	47
Best & Worst Films of '73	49
SFantaFilm News	50
Book and Mag Reviews	51
Comic Book Reviews	53
CoFANADDICTS GALLERY — Is your name listed? And Where were you in '73?	58

CALVIN T. BECK Publisher, editor and layout director. Helen Beck, associated publisher. Marlo Claiborn, layout assistant. Martin Fox, associate editor. Nicholas Morgan, editorial associate. Joe Dante, Jr., assistant editor. Contributing Editors: Philip B. Nashcorff, Victor Weiss, Ken Seale, George Sizer, Buddy Weiss, Paul Roen, Bob Schaffter, Orion Kane, Steve Vartick.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Volume 6, No. 1 (twelve ms. 23), 1974. Published bimonthly by Gaffee Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 508 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Contents are protected by the International Literary Rights Convention and regulations, and all rights are strictly reserved. Nothing may be reprinted without publisher's permission. Article & Art CONTRIBUTIONS are indeed wanted, but should be accompanied by sufficient postage and envelopes.

Printed in Canada.



THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

1973 was a remarkable horror jammed year... but in more ways than just one. Squelched out this issue is CoF's special expose of the so-called Energy Crisis—otherwise known as A Crisis A Day Kries Presidential Impeachment Essay. If nothing sensational happens between now and next issue, maybe we'll run it anyway. But even a rumored thing like the Fuel "Crisis" comes some raised "bleeping," ironic though it is: People seem to be less selfish, fewer cars are on the road as more car pools are getting organized. With or without a Power Problem, though, it would be great some day to see some kind of "law" or something passed that would ban cars, carrying only one passenger, from venturing into business areas during peak hours (certain publishers and editors of SFantaFilm excepted, of course, along with other professionals working for the good of mankind).

Even if the Energy "problem" is a gigantic hoax (which it is), the Bureaucratic Numb-skulls aren't even suggesting that staggering working hours around a 24-hour day would be a boon. It'd cut down heavily on fuel waste, busses would boom, and air pollution would drop dramatically. The reason Bureaucracy doesn't make similar suggestions is because it would play hob with their age-long conspiracy to keep society in perpetual anxiety and semi-demoralization. For a change, more people seem aware of this than usual. It's going to prove very interesting, in 1974, to see what they determine doing about it.

Even as 1973 neared its end, SFantasy-Imaginos rose more importantly than ever. Even though large-scale investments were made back in '68 with such films as 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, ROSEMARY'S BABY, and PLANET OF THE APES, never has film industry reacted with such enthusiasm over SFantasy as it's done recently. Reaching more people in two evenings than any genre anthology since before, NBC-TV's airing of FRANKENSTEIN excited the whole world, drew in excellent high ratings, and was an open admission on the part of film investors that SFantasy is what the public wants! And, tragic as MGM's withdrawal from theatrical films may be, it's singularly ironic that WESTWORLD, their first production, should emerge as a colossal box-office success after a long string of MGM flops.

Meanwhile, at TV, Hollywood and overseas filmmakers are busier more busily with numerous SFantasy productions. Woody Allen's SLEEPER and the \$13 million dollar THE EXORCIST are causing near panics at the box-office. As we go to press, both have played nearly two weeks first to mention others in the genre filling theaters to capacity. Reports reaching us from all over the country state the difficulty of getting into a theatre, two to five hour waiting periods, standing on line!

Most interesting of all reports is that SFantasy-horror-Supernaturalers will constitute more than 50% of all theatrical releases and through it's always backward at least 20% of prime time TV in 1974. It'll be a most impressive and unusual year.

— Calvin T. Beck —

Address all mail to **GOTHIC CASTLE PUBLISHING CO.**, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!

AKO—[348] included in your Frankerstein TV Movieguide "BT" listing? I'd really like to see it reviewed here. It's my second favorite Hitchcock film. Psycho, Rear Window, Strangers On A Train and The 39 Steps are tied for first place. I'm a great admirer of Hitchcock, and it also seems to me that you've never really editorialized on his other very interesting (though not necessarily good) film, THE BIRDS. Considering Hitchcock's prodigious talents, any one of his films with mention on the pages of your fine magazine.

I would also be very interested in corresponding with other Hitchcock fans.
Chris Kochanski, 8111 Columbia, Detroit,
Mich. 48208.

For someone who's often derided as "we over-the-hill Hollywood NUTS," *HERNIMUS* Ad, its creation was really on purpose. Granted that in our long and approving history of Hitchcock films we've covered all of that master's productions, there are at least a few which do not quite fall even within CoT's broad interpretation of "homemade" films. Though I personally like *HERNIMUS* very much (and I think it's the best of *HERNIMUS*'s most stylish efforts), it carries a heavy dramatic burden, almost denied, associated with well-written, intelligent but overwrought exchanges of dialogue. Nearly stretched out, almost incredible romantic interludes between Brenneke and Grant while doing what little extra-curriculars seem to exist. Cooperator looking supporting players, Claude Rains as a smooth but sinister character, and a cast that is removed from modernity (just as the Bergman and Eric Roover her slowly to death), and hints of a touch of surrealism are all tied in neatly by Hitch and his artful bag of impossible cinematic devices. Perhaps we erred and should recognize it as a "CoT-type" film. But compared to Hitch's other high-drama output, *HERNIMUS* is not a CoT film. *HERNIMUS* is DENY, SUBTLE, and in many ways, it seemed too mild and marginal for inclusion last issue. Even if we don't always hit the bullseye 100%, perhaps the above discussion should put it a bit more light on CoT's famous Pignatelli Philosophy, part of which is "If you know of a film that's got some things to it, be it good or bad, it's around as long as there's a cat." —CTB

¹⁵N¹⁵ LISTING ADDITIONS

Delivery

Thanks much for your consistently excellent publication which I've ardently supported for years. I mean, let's face it—you're the only publication that as dyed-in-the-skin SF/fantasy freaks can turn to for intelligent, highly informative reading. You're our lifeline to the outside world.

The thing I appreciate the most about CoFF is the never-headed manner in which your film reviews do that job. If ever there was such a thing as constructive criticism, you do it more than generously at times (*Night of the Living Dead*), and upon occasion less than generously (paging your anti-Amicus kids). But whatever, you do it well and make SPaniffins a truly respectable form of art. A big, fat, A.

Your Summer Ish was tops as usual, but I noticed several omissions in your "R" listings, so here they be:

NECROMANCY (Cinecra, 1972). Orson Welles and Pamela Franklin in a staid tale of the occult that moves at a snail's pace. Marks the return of Bert Gordon to horror.

NIGHT CALLER FROM OUTER SPACE
(Butcher, 1963). Joan Dixon and Petricola

THE NIGHT EVELYN CAME OUT OF THE GRAVE (Phase One, 1972). One of those bottom-of-the-barrel sex-&-sadism oddities.

NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST (AIP, 1958). Ed Nelson struggles to save the world from deadly parasites and their bug-bird-like leader. Potentially intriguing plotline marred by shoe-string budget look.

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (MGM, 1972). Janet Leigh, Stuart Whitman and Rory Calhoun. Little giant rabbits in this one. Honest.

NO SURVIVORS, PLEASE (Corman, 1963). The talents of Maria Pentyay are not evident in this very typical SF about alien beings knocking off humans and taking over their bodies. Lewy dubbing.

Run Craft, 1115 Wilkes Hall, Narmel.

Unfortunately, around very interesting letters that went into great detail about *American* (and a number of other good ones), intended for our Letter column, did a disappearing act while we were in the throes of changing around our office (flawing Typo to "Velly" around on it really worth it at times). And so, in order to share letters with you that re *American* films, a few of us decided to do for what we considered an "honest" criticism on our part against *American*, obviously haven't done good *Colt* homework. Like the little girl who had a little cat, and *Colt* has drifted from good to awful, and *Colt* has been quick to brush praise on them (and the other way around). *American* has never been as happy as *American*! *THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD*—the reviewer's praise even extended itself nearly hysterically to the idea that *House* should move over and that *American* was inheriting their movie. And last issue I considered *House* as a "good" movie, but I thought *American* ASYLUM was the best movie I could find it to be one of the best home films in recent years. So, have up on your *Colt* homework, or the remember this: At *Lagoon*'s race in *Cherry*'s monster body in *GROSS OF FRANKENSTEIN* said, "What good is this body if I have one that cannot see?"

HEUNG KONG BOOK

Dear Dad

Movie Noose reel (Cell no.20, p. 36) states that a book on KING KONG was to be published Feb. 1973, by Prentice-Hall, who are located in N.J. When I called them for further information, they said they know nothing of such a venture. Do I perhaps have the wrong Prentice-Hall? If so, please let me know as I am anxious for it to appear. G. Garza, 68 W. 37th St., New York, NY 10018.

—You're not the only anonymous one, so are (were) many of us. *Privateer Hall* was truly pleasing to put out as a *KING* book. Last thing we heard was that plans were shelved because of copyright problems and other very technicalities. Another publisher, though, at thinking of doing it by cutting thru a lot of the legal bull-d.

We're quite concerned and irritated about this and similar problems involving film books. Until around two years ago, it was a relatively simple matter for most film book authors to get photo clearances (without skills, how much effort does such a book have, right?). Suddenly, a couple of



these producers brought together a couple of film book "specials," built around several film names and surrounded by tremendous publicity campaign that, normally, only befits titles like "The Lord" and "Day of the Atonement." Yet, Movie studio legal flack, who are usually complaining that the studio can't recover their film's cost, are now being out-gunned by the book publisher who has established precedence (especially more than 20 years of film book publishing) and thought how dandy it would be to demand a piece of the "inflation." Nothing could be worse now, never upset, though, since the movie studio film book publisher is not doing anything to discourage many of the fly-by-nighters flooding the market, based mostly on re-written material lifted from other sources. It's quite unusual for a film book to sell out 1975, much less go into a 2nd edition. So, if you're a fan of a particular film, or if you wish to share with an author (invest a small chunk of a year to get back \$7500 or even \$3000) Fast is this hawking film book publisher is actually counter-productive to all film studios, their producers, directors, screenwriters, and their readers. If, of course, the good will and accountability which the decent book can create. Unfortunately legal challenges never seem to ensue in any way. There's now more indication that movie legal departments may begin relating four-fifths, and book producers will find freedom once more. CTS

RE: CENSORSHIP

David Galt

CoP 17 and 18 were truly superb. But I'm afraid nos. 19 and 20 degenerated to series of film reviews. By the time I read



NEW MARVELS, MAGIC AND MONSTERS AS MOVIELAND'S MIGHTY MAGICIAN, RAY HARRYHAUSEN, RETURNS TO THE SCREEN AFTER MORE THAN FOUR YEARS!



**Top photo: Ray Harryhausen working on his Homunculus.
John Phillip Law as Orkney.
Caroline Munro as Margana.**

CAST & CREDITS

John Phillip Law (Orkney), Caroline Munro (Margana), Tom Baker (Kerik), Douglas Willet (The Victor), Martin Shaw (Blackthorn), Karl Childers (Hafthorn), Taki Emmerson (Aghem), John D. Garfield (Abdul), Gregorio Arana (Gardner), Julio Rosales (Cesar), Rutilia Sanchez (Medardo), Fernando Puga (Cesar), Miguel Pedraza (Solmi), Mario Delan (Abdul), Juan Riquelme (Captain of the Guard).
Producer: Charles H. Schneer, Co-producer and director of Visual Effects: Ray Harryhausen, Director: Gordon Hessler. Based on a story by Brian Clemens and Ray Harryhausen. Music: Marco Boyce, Mervyn Jones, Antonio Sanchez. Special effects artist: Vernon Boyce.

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad



Any Harryhausen film is a visual trip through wonders of magic, fantasy and storybook adventure. He's been delighting millions, young and old, for more than a generation, ever since he collaborated with KING KONG'S creator, Willis O'Brien, to work on that other Wonder of the World, the original, the inimitable MIGHTY JOE YOUNG back in 1948.

Renowned as a genius of special effects and animation, how then does the Harryhausen magic stack up this time in THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD? Well, get ready for the surprise of your life. Yes, incredible as it may sound, Harryhausen's talents come thru better, greater than ever!

Even those who aren't numbered among the teeming, mindboggling hordes of special effects buffs will appreciate the radical improvement of Harryhausen's animation for this film. "But, oh great mystic oracle, with the huge jewel that is as big as myself in the middle of thy forehead," pipes the shrill voice of the little Thief of Bagdad (while riding on his flying carpet, of course), "Is it at all possible? Can it be that he who shines the great Ray of magic upon the land can surpass earlier wondrous achievements?"

Whereupon the great Father of a bearded smiled paternally through his great white whiskers and clothed the young lad in raiment passed on from the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid unto his Seventh son



Top: Douglas Wilmer as the Grand Vizier. Center: the evil Kharimeeths Bolboly. Tom Baker (as Koura the Sorcerer) created his Monomaculus. Opposite page: Sambor's crow and friends cringe as the mountainous step highpriest, the Sarna, is brought to life by the evil Kharimeeths.



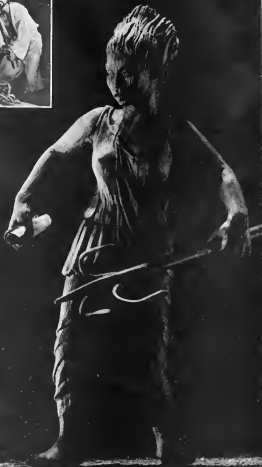
who, in turn, gave it to his Seventh son.

"The great oracle has decreed that wisdom shall be thine for ever more; for you have wisely chosen to be a Flan of the good magicians, Rhei Hori-Boo-zahn."

In a word or two: Harryhausen's animation and special effects *look better* in *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAO* thanks to most recent technical advancements (known only to Ray and his private geni in his collection of magic lamps). The new RH process is called *Dynamation*, successor to *Dynamation*. Consequently, RH's animation/pel is now look so much more natural that it's virtually impossible to see any *travelling matte* work.

Nearly four years in the planning and production stage (special effects alone required over a year's work), principal photography took place on the island of Mallorca, on the Spanish mainland and in the Verano Studios just outside Madrid. Academy Award-winning cinematographer Ted Moore, assigned to *GOLDEN VOYAGE*, shot some of the film's very interesting scenes in and around Mallorca's famous Caves of Artá; artifacts dating back thousands of years have been found in these fabulous caves, and producer Charles Schnitzer wondered what future archaeologists will think of 20th century civilization when they come across scores of rubber-tipped arrows left in the caves after one scene.

Other important locations used in the film include an 58 million walled area in which palaces, churches, houses, squares and streets were built in exact detail of those existing in other parts of Spain, and converted to resemble an Arabian town of the 14th century. Sand had to be spread all over the streets, providing some trouble—it was far easier lying down than jacking it up again.





Another important location was Torrance de Pareis, a pebble-laden river estuary, set between towering cliffs and accessible via a tunnel cut through solid rock—it was originally discovered and used more than fifteen years ago for THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and was now an ideal site to shoot the sequence where Sinbad and his men (and later Koura [Caroline Munro]) land on Lemuria. Sinbad's ship itself (actually built to full scale) is a masterpiece of detail, thanks to production designer John Smith.



THE STORY

As his ship passes over the waters of a stormy sea, Sinbad and his men spy a strange creature flying overhead. Shooting his warning too late, Sinbad cannot deter one of his men from shooting down the creature with an arrow. Falling upon the deck, it is a most strange thing indeed, semi-reptilian, bat-like and hermaphrodite. Around its tiny neck is an unusual amulet of gold. Paying no heed to one of his men, who calls it "a thing of evil," Sinbad takes it in his hand and refuses to cast it into the sea. For from hidden and only slightly scathed, the creature recovers quickly and flies away.

Perhaps the strange amulet is accursed. Strange images and dreams haunt Sinbad. Then, a terrifying, raging storm befalls his

beast ship, nearly destroying it. Battered but in one piece, the ship heads finally to shore. On landing and taking stock of his whereabouts, Sinbad meets with an eerie, black-clad man who introduces himself as Prince Koura who in attempting to possess Sinbad's amulet, tries killing him in a sword fight but is forced to flee from Sinbad when the tables are turned.

Soon after Sinbad is greeted by a golden-masked stranger, the Grand Vizier of Maribia who escorts the dynamic manner to his great palace. Amazed on learning all of Sinbad's adventures, he reveals to the strange amulet and tells Sinbad, "The amulet reacts to one that Destiny has brought us together!" While he tells Sinbad about the terrible tragedies and afflictions created by the evil Prince Koura, they are being overheard by a hermaphrodite,

evil being transmits psychically all it hears back to its creator, Koura. Meanwhile, the Vizier reveals another amulet, like Sinbad's—thus these they may yet unlock wonders beyond imagination, and powers that can bring good or, if under the evil Koura's control, unleash evil to the whole world. For it can fly, the word hermaphrodite is caught, but even as Sinbad holds it, it shatters into dust. They are then certain Koura knows—that it will be a race to the unknown reaches of Lemuria in order to head off the evil secret.

A new addition to his crew is Margana, a beautiful slave-girl, whom Sinbad promptly liberates once they are aboard. Far out at sea, Sinbad and the Vizier learn that Koura's own ship is not far behind, but knowing they can't outrun the ship, they plan on outwitting him



by leading Kouru's ship thru treacherous waters that could destroy or, at least, delay his craft.

But powerful and useful indeed is Kouru's magic, though its raising office has begun to age him noticeably. Evering every ounce of his physical and mental power, Kouru sends evil thoughts to Sinbad's ship directed to the ship's figurehead, a massive wooden arm. Startled by the sounds of splintering wood, the crew gapes in terror to see the great figurehead come to life and stride across them as a behemoth would among puppets. Miles away under Kouru's evil spell, the dreadful wooden arm takes her toll of lives, wiping up the deck with ease standing in her twisted path. . . Until Sinbad and several of his men bring her to an unexpected end by impaling her with an an-

Above and opposite page: the fearful power of Caro, the idol goddess, is brought to play as the evil Kouru (Tom Baker) brings her to life to fight and destroy Sinbad and his friends.





Top: Sinbad at last joins his emotional friend (above) Margiana (Carolyn Blackwood) whereas the savages with a mystical tattoo on her palm. Opposite page: The frightful and legendary Centaur makes his appearance.

ransome iron harpoon. The battle, though, has also taken its toll from Koura, who now looks grayed and ten years older.

"I know you will die if you go on this way," says Achmed, Koura's aide.

"To vanquish the demons of darkness has a price," answers Koura. "And each time I call upon them, it consumes a part of me." Koura knows though that once he reaches his goal, his youth will return.

Knowing his ship cannot overtake Sinbad, Koura expends his full powers again to create another homunculus. "Sinbad cannot hide from me now," says Koura as he sends his evil ramsen flying aloft.

At last Sinbad and his friends arrive at Lemuria, a land so verdant and lovely to the eye that it seems unreal. Soon they see ahead their destination: the ruins of a colossal temple that seem as if it once housed forgotten gods. None are aware that Koura's evil creation, the homunculus, watches in hiding.

"What is it, friend?" asks Sinbad of his golden-masked companion.

"It is the Temple of the Oracle — The Temple of All Knowledge," explained the Vintier.

Inside they find a strange hooded figure standing by a fathomless well, as if absorbed in prayer. The hooded one spouts out aloud strange riddles, telling them there is yet a third vessel that must be secured to complete the magic charm that will grant them the extraordinary powers they seek.

Meanwhile, through incantations and diabolical science of his own invention, Koura tries destroying the Temple's interior to thwart his enemies. Undaunted, Sinbad and his comrades climb up a rope that an opening above;

but just before the devoted homunculus tries its own brand of macho—only to be cut down by an arrow from one of Sinbad's men.

Separate routes Koura and Sinbad's company race on to their mutual destination.

Quite without warning, Koura and his aide are besieged on all sides and captured by wild green-skinned natives. They are shortly brought to a most spacious ancient temple ruled by the evil green men. And, yet, even more spectacular is their giant six-armed idol—a menacing goddess whom the natives call Caro.

His aide fears all is lost, but Koura assures him: companion he will soon turn the tide to his advantage. Unexpectedly, the ignorant savages watch as Koura splashes a strange potion upon the great idol's body. Shuddering, smoking mentally, the goddess Caro comes to life and goes into an exotic ritual dance. There are others now who watch—Sinbad and his group have just entered upon the scene.

Then, at Koura's command, the idol steps forth to combat Sinbad, all of its deadly six arms wielding sharp swords.

"To the death, Caro," says Koura. "Death to our enemy!"

Oversted though the battle seems, and witnessing the death of some of his dear crewmen, Sinbad overwhelms the monstrous idol and sends her crashing to pieces. Koura's wife, however, has impressed the savages who, by his command, surround and overcome Sinbad and his group. They are then escorted a short distance, and Sinbad realizes to his horror that the beautiful Margiana has been selected to be sacrificed to some horrible creature whom the natives call a "god." Placing Margiana upon a crude lift, they lower her down into a huge, yawning pit. The terrified maiden soon

hears the sound of approaching hooves emanating from a dark cavern. And a horrible one-eyed Centaur appears!

Sinbad is suddenly inspired and asks the Vintier to remove his golden mask before the natives so that he may reveal his horrible countenance (created three years before by Koura's evil). One look at his terrible skull-like features, and the wild men fall back in fear. Sinbad, taking advantage of this confusion, climbs into the pit to save Margiana, joined by his companions. . . but too late, as the Centaur reaches over and escapes throa

own holding Margana.

Following closely behind, Sirbad discovers Margana unharmed by the monster so that she might be saved for a later "mission." Quickly leading her away in the monster's absence, they go only a short distance and come upon a huge, splendid cavern filled with rich treasures and ornate surroundings. In the middle stands a spectacular fountain spewing forth a constant geyser of high.

"The Fountain of Destiny!" declares Sirbad, overcome by the sounds, colors and sights before him.

"Sirbad, look!" whispers Margana, pointing to a kneeling figure peering by the fountain. Turning slowly, the figure shows its agonized, haggard face. It is Koura, spent, tired, unrespected and ravaged by his evil actions, now in possession of the three magic amulets that will not only help him regain his youth but wield of power. Aye, power unheard of by mere mortal men. Furtively walking into the fountain's very heart, Koura soon walked out a young man again. But his destiny turns at once into bitter rage—Sirbad had meanwhile returned the amulets while the sorcerer was preoccupied with his restorative ablutions.

Wasting his wrath and heaping unappealable curses upon the heroic knight, Koura summons the horrific Centaur to deal with Sirbad. Margana's love and prayers for Sirbad, however, seem to be answered, for, as if from out of nowhere a feline being appears to challenge the Centaur—shaped like a lion, terrible talons like a tiger's, its large eagle-like face ready to lash a deadly hook upon its foe, it is none other but the legendary Griffin!

Sirbad and all others are forgotten as mighty Centaur and fearsome Griffin fall upon each other in a battle to the death.

"It is in the Oracle foretold," and the Victor is wonder. "The forces of Good and Evil, battling eternally."

But, alas! Albeit the fight between both monsters as long and bloody, the Centaur rises victorious, the Griffin defeated. Yet, all is not lost. During the monsters' battle, some of Sirbad's men have arrived and strive to defeat the Centaur. Heartbroken, Sirbad reaches helplessly as the terrible thing mauls and kills one of his best men. Rushing upon the monster, vengeance throbbing within him, Sirbad grabs the huge pegasus by its mane, plunging down his sword again and again, repeatedly, until... the blooded monster shivers, staggers and falls dead.

The fight hardly over, Koura has seized two of the magic amulets. Sirbad yells out to him, but not soon enough. "Invulnerability, Sirbad! You can never kill me now, so prepare to meet your much postponed doom!"

Koura returns into the fountain's heart to heighten his evil powers. Sirbad follows and, to his dismay, sees Koura slowly becoming invisible by degrees. If Koura was so dangerous to the past, his fiendish evil will in future terrorize the entire world! Leaping to save an invulnerable foe, Sirbad proves desperate by the second—his sword can find no substance. And Koura's mocking laughter mingles throughout the great cavern in dimness, but never heard twice from the same spot.

Roaring, "Sirbad!" Margana gestures, and Sirbad looks directly to where she points. The sorcerer is hiding underneath the falling waters of the magical geyser and, though invisible, his body's outlines are fully evident as the water cascades around him. Sirbad strikes solidly with his sword... at the right spot. Sirbad and the dying Koura understand it all happened as it was predicted at the Temple of Knowledge.

The fountain's waters gush higher, more bravely, livelier crimsoned by Koura's blood. The waters fade to their pure, natural white shade. The fight against evil has been won.

Margana gazes out in joy. "Look, Sirbad, into the water behind you!"



In the clear, still waters he sees a woodrose reflection—as if he were a wealthy Sultan, dressed from head to foot in the richest finery and jewels, and the richest crown that any potentate could own resting upon his head.

The vision faded away, but the reality of precious jewels remained as Simbad reached into the waters to pick up not a diamond nor a vision but a gold crown. The Crown of Marzaba!

"Your Highness," Simbad says, addressing the Grand Vizier as he approaches.

"Highness?"

"Are you not the true and worthy successor to the throne of Marzaba? This Allah has bestowed this..." said Simbad, "from the Fountain of Destiny itself to sit upon your head?"

Placing the Crown of Marzaba upon the Vizier's head, Simbad watches a most extraordinary thing take place. Magically the Vizier's golden mask melts and vanishes, revealing the face of a handsome young man—a man born to rule with love and wisdom.

The waters of the Fountain of Destiny turned golden. It was as if, in that secret place, the heavens were making pure gold.

THE STARS

Usually, only famous or infamous celebrities can have a "deathmask" of themselves as Mrs. Tansard's famed Wax Museum in London. But Douglas Winter, who is neither, had it done. Appearing as the Grand Vizier, all his face is "burned" by end sewerer Kozan (Tom Baker). To cover the deformity, he was a golden mask, created from a plastercast by Colin Arthur who worked many months at Tansard's before becoming a studio makeup man.

After making the cast, Colin modified the Vizier's mask from an "old-fashioned polystyrene lined with foam rubber, which fit like a glove."

Aside from majoring in architecture before turning actor (and responsible for many invaluable production suggestions in GOLDEN VOYAGE), Douglas Winter is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, followed by a long repertory career in the West End. He made his film debut in 1955 in *Richard III* and over a dozen other films, including *El Cid*, *Cleopatra*, *Croswell*, *Fatton*, not to mention much TV work.

John Philip Law, who stars as Simbad, was born in Hollywood, but didn't start acting until he joined University of Hawaii's dramatic society while studying engineering, then switching to psychology. After working in the Historical Community Theater, he returned to the States and enrolled in the famous Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. Back in California again, he studied under Sandy Messner, 20th Century-Fox's drama coach—20th then offered him a stock player's contract, but John chose instead a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse, his first important role was in the Broadway play, "Come On Strong," winning him a contract with the Lincoln Center Repertory Company. While vacationing away from the Center in '63 in Italy, Franco Rossi gave him a role in *High Infidelity*. Next year, again in Italy, John appeared opposite Catherine Spaak in *Three Nights in Love*. Back at the Center, he was spotted by Norman Jewison and given the juicy role of the Russian submarine in *The Russians Are Coming*. Since then it's been all uphill for John who has appeared in *Hurry Sundown*, *Dialoik*, *Barbaric*, *The Sergeant*, *The Hawaiians*, *Of Course Comedy*, *Even a Dull Boy*, *Last Horse*, *Michael*, *Stargate*, *Von Richthofen* and *Brown* and *The Love Machine*. Still a bachelor at thirty-five, John has a home in California, but spends most of his time active in European based films. John is also a devoted health buff, believes in doing a series of exercises daily, and follows a strict healthful food regimen even while involved in location shooting.

Co-star Tom Baker (who plays evil Prince



Kozan) was born in 1936 in Liverpool, but retains none of the accent that made the Beatles, his fellow Liverpoolians, distinct. He's very quiet about his long, hard struggles to become an actor, but in 1958 he got his first important break when Laurence Olivier invited him to join London's prestigious National Theatre Company where, in the next three years, he appeared in "The Merchant of Venice," "A Woman Killed With Kindness," "The Millionaire," "Don Juan" and others, opposite some of the greatest stars in the theatrical world. After his screen debut in 1971 as Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, other fine roles started to follow, including Pasolini's *The Canterbury Tales* and, most recently, as the diabolical artist in *Walt of Homer* (see CoF no. 28). One of the very important reasons that men turn the role of the evil Prince Kozan in GOLDEN VOYAGE is the same one that guided him the role of Rasputin: a most hypnotic-like "look" behind his electric blue eyes. There is, therefore, much validity to the impression that CoF and other have of Tom Baker that he could easily emerge as another Boris Karloff.

John D. Garfield, son of the famous Warner Bros. star of the Far West, was born in Los Angeles but raised in New York. He attended London's Academy of Music and Dramatic Art after graduating Brandeis University, joined England's National Repertory Theatre, returned with them on tour in the States in '65, (film debuting next year in *The Warring States*, followed by *The Swingers*, *That Cold Day in the Park*, *Mackenna's Gold*, *The Streptomycin*, *Borders* a

heavy background in TV roles, John's a very accomplished flautist and a composer. In GOLDEN VOYAGE he appears as the colorful Abbad.

Takis Froustakis, who plays Kozan's uncle, Achmed, was born in Greece and there attended the National Conservatory of Music and Drama. His first film role (1960) in *The Rover*, next, with Irene Pappas, in *Electra*, followed, since by more than twenty films like *Zorba the Greek*, *Oedipus the King*, *The Magna*, *My Darling*, *Cannon For Cordoba*, and many TV appearances. Takis lives in Rome and writes plays and scripts while not acting.

Kurt Christian (Haron) has a background almost as exotic as any character in the film, having been born in Hong Kong of a Ceylonese mother, and inheriting the title Baron Von Rosenberg from his German father. His film debut was in *an-four* in *The Purple Plain*. Educated in England, France and Switzerland, he appeared in London and Broadway companies of "The Royal Heart of the Sun," and his films include *The Long Duet*, *The Last Valley*, *Devil's Impersonator*.

Martha Shaw (Rachal) was also introduced trained few acting in England, and after many outstanding TV roles. He landed his first big film part as Baroque in *Romeo Polanski's* *Bluebeard*.

—The End—



Jonathan

THE FIRST ADULT VAMPIRE FILM



JONATHAN is perhaps the most intelligent and well-made vampire film made. Produced in Germany by young filmmaker Hans W. Geissendörfer (who scripted and directed) and photographed exquisitely by Robby Müller, the film is also politically minded. It develops a theme used also in Polanski's *THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS*.

The theme centers around a decadent aristocratic ruling class feeding on the life-blood of the people around them. There the similarity ends. Polanski's film was comedy; Geissendörfer's is not, though it has some humor. While Polanski's vampires were physically unattractive, those in JONATHAN are elegant and beautiful and go much further by exposing the villagers' decadence, e.g. a priest's assistant who is a pyromaniac.

And there are other keys to the political metaphor. The vampire-hunting doctor (a Van Helsing type) informs a group of students meeting in secrecy that "the power of these

blood-suckers increases every day," Jonathan, one of the students, is sent ahead to infiltrate the vampire headquarters and make way for a massive attack. The vampire leader (who sports a Hitlerian hair style) bids Jonathan welcome and that he may go anywhere in his house but that he must never enter the locked doors, "for there will always be locked doors."

The politics are never obtrusive, though, and do not mar the fantasy, such as the weird hobby of a strange, half-wit hunchback.

His only joy is his collection of crucifixes taken from past would-be vampire killers. Then there's the camerawork/photography: it's incredible. The camera glides, floats thru scenes, lingering delicately here and there. The mood by Roland Koebe is superb, fitting the mood right from the beginning.

Much of it is based on DRACULA, though very loosely. JONATHAN refers to Jonathan Barker, and two scenes in the film are based on the original story by Stoker: one, where the three vampire women try to drink Jonathan's blood; the other, where the peasant woman screams up at the castle, "Moonjester! Gave me back my child!" But that's about it. Never mind is whether the vampire leader is Dracula, for the only name we know in the whole film is Jonathan's (perhaps mentioned so that allusions to DRACULA would not overpower the director's message). The vampire is head of a whole coven of the undead, recalling Hammer's *KISS OF EVIL*.

There is also much blood—not just in the dungeons filled with victims, who are later shown being fed upon by the eager vampires, or in the "sway" that defends and protects the vampire kingdom, but also on the part of





the villagers who, in their own way, are as brutal as the vampires and the army that slaughters them. (As Jonathan tries passing thru the town to reach the vampires, its natives attempt to stone him, and when the villagers begin journeying to the vampire castle they run over their leader.)

The film is elegant in its execution. The first vampire attack is orchestrated to a lush melody by Edward Greg. In this scene, the vampire is revealed as a sort of saintly anti-Christ. Bearing the look of saintly martyrdom, he offers a papery wound on his side to the lips of his victim. The power of this scene is never quite matched again as the effect becomes diluted by an abundance of other vampires doing the same thing with their victims (though these scenes too have a very disturbing effect). Perhaps, though, it is true, as one critic noted, that nothing ever quite succeeds so well as the first vampire attack in any film in this genre.

Blasé of homosexuality also takes form in the torturing of Jonathan after he's discovered entering the "locked" door when the victims are kept. As in *X*, in *THE DAMNED* and similar films, it seems a device equating homosexuality with fascism, as it seems to illustrate the decadence of the vampire kingdom.

The power of "good," of course, wins out—no matter how misrepresented by the villagers—but not until after a brutal fight and an amazing dream-like sequence where the vampires are driven into the sea, there to die, leaving only their capes floating in the water during the dawn.

But—his good really won out? To Gelag's name, Jonathan walks toward the girl (who was sort of the knight's housekeeper) and takes her hand. She abruptly turns, pulls a knife and cuts Jonathan on the wrist. He falls to his knees as she flees and as the music switches from Greg to Kovacs' score.

One major criticism of the film, that appeared elsewhere, stated that its political metaphor is weakly based as is its symbolism under closer scrutiny, that its elements of fantasy dilute its deeper meanings. Similar criticisms were leveled against *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, and to have been weakened by such scenes as the one showing Alex copulating with two girls (in speeded up Keystone comedy fashion) to the tune of the "William Tell Overture." This seems a peculiarly American and, perhaps, provincial trait; we like our films straight, either real or fantasy, but never the twain shall meet. We are uncomfortable with films that straddle both elements, that wander and journey between two worlds creating a third one. It seems part of our cultural lag and anti-intellectualism (at least, as far as most of the establishment critics stand) that an "intellectually prose" film must be boring, heavy-handed, colorless, trite, and, if not horrendous (Bergman (who was once a better director)).

Little is allowed for experimentation or a middle-ground. The abysmal retardation of many "new" critics has had an evil influence on studios. Though the situation has improved slightly (and people support any films they like regardless of what the press says), critical provocation, if not horrendous ignorance, still prevails.

— Robert Schaffner —



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY

CAST:

Leonard Whiting:

James Mason:

Michael Sarrazin:

David McCallum:

Jane Seymour:

Nicola Pagetti:

Agnes Moorehead:

With: Michael Wilding, Ralph

Richardson, John Gielgud, Margaret

Leighton in supporting "guest" roles.

Frankenstein

Foladori

The Creature

Cervel

Prima

Elizabeth

Mrs. Blair



Time and again, TV has proved an extraordinary ability of accepting challenges and scaling great heights, though surrounded by a sea of unspeakable commercialism and excruciating banality. Some made-for-TV films are as good as many theatrical releases—indeed, a few (especially in our genre) have been quite excellent. Dan Curtis' ABC-TV premiere of *FRANKENSTEIN*, earlier last year, elicited much excitement and marked another important turning point: News of CBS' production of *DRACULA* created a major stir among aficionados, and all news media, confirming more than ever acceptance

of SFantasy as a major entertainment staple in the Seventies.

But so far, nothing has aroused so much sensation as NBC's monumental two-part production of *FRANKENSTEIN*. Not only is this homage to the most important name and theme in imaginative literature but total admission that SFantasy is one of the very few most important genres, not just a cyclical "trend." The face of entertainment history is now radically altered—it will never be quite the same.

For this special CoF feature, we present an in-depth synopsis followed by several differing opinions by our staff.—CTB.



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY (Part I)

When his younger brother dies from drowning accidentally, Dr. Victor Frankenstein swears he'll gladly give his soul to the Devil to conquer death. At the hospital, he meets eccentric, ailing Clerval, who hints to Frankenstein that he is experimenting in reanimation.

The next time they meet, Clerval's inspiration and presence fires Victor's very being with ambition.

"I shall create more than a man... the first of a new race," says Clerval. "Will you join the brotherhood of Prometheus? Will you defy the gods?"

Victor answers, "I will defy them!" And thus begins a strange partnership that will dare to challenge the unknown.

When Victor's fiancée, Elizabeth, unexpectedly visits them, Clerval doesn't hesitate in voicing his aversion. At first Victor is sensitive, then gives her a preview of their experiments: a dead butterfly has been revived. Clerval is now infuriated that Victor should dare to permit "an ignorant, simply-minded young woman" into their lives. As they argue in an adjacent room, Elizabeth, consumed by prejudice and loathing, kills the butterfly with a heavy Bible.

Some days pass—a major accident kills many workers. As professional medical men, Victor and Clerval have full access to the morgue... and fresh bodies for needed parts. Soon the entire lab apparatus is ready for the crucial step. Involved is the ultimate in harnessing energy: solar power from the sun!

However, the creature they are to bring to life has "Levi's brain... the brain of a peasant, unworthy of such a body," says Clerval. "How I would give a year of my life for the right brain!" He has not long to wait.

Alone much later, Clerval notices an arm he had previously revived, it is a preliminary test, a retrogression. He writes fervently in his notebook: "The process is...," but suffers a seizure. Unable to reach his special medicine, Clerval dies.

The next morning Victor makes a decision, after recovering from shock over Clerval's death, unaware of the major flaw in their experimentation, he places his colleague's brain into the creature's head. During the elaborate session in the lab required to bring life into the creature, overlooked circuits set off an explosion, knocking Victor unconscious. But the experiment, so far, is a success. Awaking, the creature stalks over to Victor and gently touches him. Taking off the head bandages, Victor is pleasantly startled to reveal a most handsome creature.

Victor's puzzlement over the creature's shidenness (even with Clerval's brain) passes quickly by his determination to start educating him almost at once. Pleased that his creature's presence is accepted by high society at an opera one evening, Victor envisions a happy future. But tragedy is about to show, though at first it's unnoticeable, the creature's fine body starts to degenerate.

Clerval's old acquaintance, Dr. Polidori, was aware of the causal drawbacks in the experiment, while seeing around Victor's apartment in his absence, Polidori brazenly shows he's competent. "The fossil! Still playing with electricity..."

Aware of the creature's deterioration, Victor now realizes that the unfinished "I—" in Clerval's note book meant "retrogression," not that the experiment was now "ready." Victor confirms the innocent creature and removes all the errors so that it may not know of its growing ugliness. Victor goes out with the night to relieve his depression, but not before locking his apartment. Ever curious landlady Agnes Moorehead uses a spare key to



look inside, she faints when exposed by the harmless but now quite ugly creature. Seeing the creature hovering above her on awakening, she suffers a fatal stroke just as Victor is about to enter. Before dying, she utters "Fiona..." referring to the only spirit seen by the creature and word he had repeated over before she died.

Finding it was to move, Victor leaves with the creature for the security offered by the old lab shared with him by Clerval in the country. Arriving, exhausted by failure and disillusioned, Victor falls into deep sleep. Seeing finally something's wrong, especially when his body feels strange to his touch, the creature searches about futility for a mirror, then finds a broken piece. Victor is aroused by the crea-

ture's cries of anguish. The creature then tries suicide, but his unique constitution keeps him invulnerable. Failing to kill himself, he goes outside, heading toward the sea, pursued by Victor. And on reaching the sea's edge, dashes himself over, falling into the water below. Victor leaves, thinking the creature has met its end. As the sea takes, so does it grab up its possessions at times, and the creature is soon washed ashore by current and tide, reviving immediately.

END
OF
PART
ONE



FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY (Part II)

While riding through the country, the creature meets a friendly, old blind hermit (Ralph Richardson) who accepts him, and shortly, he provides him with the comforts of his humble cottage. The hermit's traditional violin playing is interrupted with the sounds of his approaching granddaughter, Agatha, and her fiancé. Hiding at once, the creature returns at night, he is profoundly impressed. (Watching faces a window by the severity and warmth of family unity and when Agatha reads from the Bible. Sleeping overnight in the barn, he ventures into the house while Agatha and her young

men are out for a walk, but the couple is somehow aware of a "stranger" visiting. A scuffle develops between creature and fiancée, ending in the latter's accidental death. Blinded by fear and grief, Agatha rushes out and is overrun by a passing coach.

The creature carries her body to Victor's lab, but discovers Dr. Polidori, attended by Oriental servants, as the new tenant. Polidori's exotic tastes and sophistication are now even more obvious—including also an ingrained capacity for being vicious. His malicious talent evokes forth also some of the old Cervantes memory from the creature.

A little later, during a wedding reception following his marriage to Elizabeth, Victor is paid a surprise visit by Polidori who proposes an un-

usual partnership. Victor's understandable hesitancy is overcome under coercion when Polidori marries the creature alive and well and in the evening coach, ready to be abandoned on Victor's doorstep before all his guests, unless they reach an agreement.

"The day after you left, I moved in," Polidori tells Victor in a little while, showing him about the old lab. Victor is stunned when Agatha's severed head in a bottle—the start of a new Eve for the creature.

"With a scalpel in your hand, you're a different person. And to think this morning you were cutting a wedding cake," Polidori remarks as Victor works upon the creature's future mate. At last she is finished, and beautiful to behold; and, she will be even more of a success, for Polidori knows more. Polidori chooses her "Prima"—the first of her species—she start of a new race.

Four months later Victor and his bride return from their honeymoon, but in their absence Polidori has done quite a lot of work with their friends and family, usually by securing a permanent houseguest with Prima as his "ward." Victor is infuriated by Polidori's excessive liberties, but is mollified by the older man's presence and owed by his grandiose plans.

Prima has her own "peculiarities" and, during dinner, pretends to faint only to lead Victor on into the bedroom and eternal seduction. Among her other quips is a word attitude for remarking anything. A strange creature she is indeed. Always wearing an odd neckband, she refuses to remove it the next day while being fitted for a dress by Elizabeth and her attendants. At night while Prima's asleep, Elizabeth enters the bedroom and is horrified to see a large surgical scar inscribed Prima's neck.

Veering on hysteria, Elizabeth orders Victor to take action, and he orders Polidori off his premises. Polidori surprises him by agreeing to leave on the morrow, and "To prove my good faith," he reveals to Victor a new "experiment": an acid bath has been arranged at the lab to eliminate the creature, who all agree has turned into a "problem."

"Now, you're to take a beauty bath," says Polidori to the naive creature, whom he hypnotizes for destruction. Victor has a change of heart and awakens the creature who at once goes wild. Attempting to flee, Victor and Polidori are the place after leaving the creature trapped behind.

Fearing a sense of release, Victor and Polidori soon attend Prima's social debut, a magnificent ball swarming with the cream of society. It is part of Polidori's plan that Prima must connect with some eligible aristocrat which will benefit him financially for his future schemes.

To everyone's shock, the creature, now tamely disguised by burlesque, breaks up the ball and flees. "AGATHA!" Jostling, pushing all that stand in his way, the creature snaps off Prima's neckband. Then he begins to twist her neck, and with all his phenomenal power he pulls her head off her body as if she were a toy doll.

Bedlam... chaos. In frantic, blind panic, falling over each other, the guests rush for the exit, many trampled underfoot. The monster is satisfied. Falling unconscious to the floor like a limp rag, the horror is momentarily removed from Polidori's mind. Nearly petrified himself, Victor asks "Why?" of the monster, and his meaningful reply is

"Victor... beautiful!"

The next day, the local Chief Constable tells Victor that Polidori is under restraint as a confirmed lunatic, but is even more awed when Victor relates details of the monster's creation. Elizabeth awaits in a sequestered room, husband from criminal liability, that he is under tremendous strain and Polidori's evil influence has made his imagination run wild.

Victor and Elizabeth mutually agree a quick exit to America is necessary under the circumstances, which will also dispel part of the night-



Above: David McCaffern and Leonard Whiting. Right: Dr. Frankenstein (Clive) prepares for brain surgery. Opposite page: The great lab of Dr. Frankenstein. The creature (Michael Sarrazin) in handgrips, and unveiled.

ment, Blackwelder the ship's captain after a suspicious leave from prison, Polidori meets his presence known aboard ship once they are all at sea.

He tells Victor that once they reach port, "We shouldn't waste much time at New York, but proceed to Philadelphia where I understand they have engaged in some interesting chemical research." Polidori's forward efforts Victor who orders him out of his cabin. Typically cool and unflinching, Polidori dies.

What promised to have been an interesting, if not pleasant, journey is, alas, ruined: the monster has found its way aboard ship and hides in Polidori's stateroom. Elizabeth has seen the creature, and looks the door, trusting once Polidori returns a final encounter will result. But Victor arrives in time, and both he and Polidori now plan to close the creature aboard and shove him into the sea.

A terrible storm rages, tossing the ship about treacherous waves. Amidst torrential rain, the seas roar louder by thunder and lightning, it is as if the elements themselves are in some evil conspiracy. Something ugly in the monster's mind when he sees Polidori cowering in terror from the lightning. Guiding him, the monster sees up the helpless man and hauls him aloft to the uppermost rigging. Victor climbs up the mast in a futile effort to save the man, pleading with the monster, but slips and falls to the deck. Screaming in terror, Polidori's agony ends as lightning strikes squarely, incinerating him into a dangling skeleton.

The entire crew, having perished and abandoned ship in a longboat, this monster tenderly picks up the unconscious Victor and takes him to the cabin. Now in complete command of the ship, the monster sets a course for the Arctic.

Elizabeth questions the monster as to why he has abandoned them. In one of his rare moments of eloquence, the monster answers by denouncing her for her narrow, angry pity and arrogance. . . . and proceeds straggling her to death.



When he recovers consciousness days later, Victor goes on deck and finds Elizabeth's frozen corpse. The ship stands motionless, surrounded in a white wasteland of eternal cold surrounded by vast icebergs and unending floes. But, wonder, the monster seems to beckon tentatively, standing in front of an icy cave beneath a towering glacier.

Victor climbs down from the ship, struggling, slipping and heading towards his creature, as if aware of a final appointment they must keep—and their true redemption. He, as the creator, the custodian who had failed in his responsibility by abandoning the poor thing because it was no longer pleasing to behold; and the creature now gratified that both can be joined as one.

By screaming aloud the folly and tragedy of their circumstances, Victor's re-echoing shouts set off a chain reaction in the ice and start an avalanche.

The monster's words reverberate, "Bravo! Bravo!" in an ironic poem, as both wretched souls are interred in their final sleep.

—Colvin T. Beck—

The latest screen distortion is merely a comparison of horror movie clichés. There is heavy-handed religious symbolism, similar to that found in the old Universal series: when, for example, Frankenstein vivifies a dead butterfly, his finger squashes it with a Bible. The "creature" is handsome and civilized, like the once Peter Cushing sometimes constructs in his Hammer films. There is also human sympathy, courtesy of both audience sensibility. We look in vain for terror here. At the film's start, however, there is a disturbing moment when Elizabeth sees Victor's brother drawing and reacts with a more startled flutter of her pretty eyelashes, replying that the files has something ambiguous to say about the Romantic female ideal. In fact, Elizabeth does plot a murder, outwits the police, and yet she only succeeds in becoming a frozen mummy. No one of Hammer's wives. There is not a trace of women's liberationist sentiment, though such references would not only be timely but in keeping with the philosophy of the book's author and her famous mother, Mary Wollstonecraft.

Some of the ludicrous (hardly excusable) errors are not without wit. For example, Frankenstein's real (James Mason) is named Dr. Polidori, which conveniently was also the name of Mary Shelley's story-telling rival at the famous Fanny's yearning contest where the idea of her novel was hatched.

Director Jack Searight has at his disposal a serene Regency setting and more money than Walt or Terence Fisher ever saw at one time, too bad his style borders on the neo-classical during the film's first half—his direction does not come into focus until the creation of Prometheus, the monster's intended mate. The scene in which she is brought to life recalls the genesis of the false Maria in Ling's METROPOLIS. Prometheus is no ordinary bride of Frankenstein, she owes far more to Olympus, the clockwork coquette in Offenbach's TALLEIS DE BOFFMAN. Having been told to enslave Elizabeth in all things, she promptly dupes him, the human girl's piano performance of a Schumann waltz, suitable for a wedding. When Prometheus is made at a pile-consumption party, the monster arrives to break up the festivities, ennobled by her obvious aversion to him, he parades off her head from its torso. There's a sense of cathartic relief in this gruesome culmination. We know the poor monster's sexual ambitions were doomed from the start, but at least she makes her exit in a big way. His male counterpart has proved repulsive because his body has begun to degenerate. As in the book, he becomes embittered because mankind, ignoring his soul, rejects him on the basis of his cadaverous looks.

The film is true to this major theme, and also to a few smaller matters: the monster throttles Victor's wife, though not on her wedding night. The grand finale is in and around the Arctic wastes. The pastoral interlude with the blind man and his family has been included. Yet somewhere and somehow the film misses the point. Perhaps this is because the strongest human relationship is essentially homosexual: the bond between creature and creator. All the female images on hand are either devices (Elizabeth, Prometheus) or grotesques (Agnes Moonshine in the landfill). Margaret Leighton, who registers strongly in a high society (role).

A talented cast is of some help, at least. Simon, though not at all frightening, is more pathetically lovable than was Karloff, his appearance, about attractive, is also faithful to the original book version. Similarly, Whiting as Frankenstein is considerably correct in his demeanor, if not exactly looking. As the heavy, James Mason shows a fine feeling for the outrageous, he brings a dry and cynically needed quality to already macabre lines such as, "It's a wise monster that knows its own father."

The script provides him with all the standard accoutrements of villainy, including a pair of artificial hands and a couple of Oriental servants. His death scene, unfortunately, has been woefully, chaotically misinterpreted by Shelley: the loquacious Polidori is struck by lightning twice while tangled in the rigging of a storm-tossed schooner.

And so it comes time to face facts: FRANKENSTEIN, the novel, will never be transcribed to the screen with any accuracy or fidelity unless, by some unlikelyhood, Marmorepiece Theatre should decide to tackle this imposing task.

— Paul Rosen —

FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY is a very fine film and didn't require false advertising to be successful. "Forget Kurosaki," they proudly beamed. "See the story as it was originally written, never done before."

But as a literal adaptation of Shelley's original novel, it doesn't even come close.

Parts one and two are really separate films, and one can actually imagine seeing them as separate late shows in the near future. The second part is far superior, having an entirely different tone, it's lively and entertaining, almost an adventure story, whereas the first part is slow, brooding and thoughtful. Director Slight once screwed up the works of another fine author (Ray Bradbury's *ILLUSTRATED MAN*) and seems more at home with detective thrillers like *HARPER*, but his technique in this film, though pedestrian, is far better than expected.

The acting is, for the most part, superb. David MacCallum shines. And James Mason is a standout as Polidori, a marvelously mean character not in the book. Any Shelley scholar would be amazed at the clever in-joke, for he was, of course, Dr. John Polidori, called "Polly dolly" by Byron and one of the famed poet's homosexual "acquaintances"—the same Polidori who wrote "The Vampire" that inspired *Dracula* in Switzerland that also produced

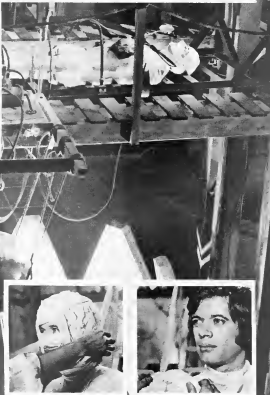
FRANKENSTEIN. Mason is one of the screen's masters of creating the kind of villain we all love to hate, and his death scene in the lightning storm is a fantastic piece of Grand Guignol.

Yet the most delicately evil character in the film is Jane Seymour as Protea. Had Hammer used her in *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN*, the film would have been more artistically successful. Miss Seymour can do more with a certain look than most actresses with mountains of dialogue, and here is perhaps the most sinister and perverted female characterization I have ever seen.

Michael Sarrazin is surprisingly good as the creature, and not unlike Michael Gwynn in *REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, who begins as a handsome youth and degenerating into a loathsome, murderous monster. Leonard Whiting's Frankenstein is a great departure

from others; instead of being abused and scorned by thoughts of experimentation, he has to be persuaded by Clerval and saved a great deal by Polidori. Surprisingly, though, Whiting is one of the weaker actors in the cast, a big letdown after his spirited performance in Zeffirelli's *ROMEO AND JULIET*.

Much more was expected from eminent writers like Isherwood and Bachardy. While characterizations are rather well drawn and the dialogue good, even though not memorable, events and a sense of time become jumbled in places, and there are unexplained happenings (such as how the creature escaped from the burning lab) and poor continuity (when Frankenstein returns from his honeymoon, he has grown a beard, but in the next scene it's mysteriously absent from his face). Fine acting, production values and excellent music by Gil Melle, however, gloss over these weak spots.



Small cameo by Ralph Richardson (as the inevitable blind hermit) and Tom Baker (from NICHOLAS & ALEXANDRA, VAULT OF HORROR and the new GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD) add greatly to the film's overall impact. Special effects (a disturbingly realistic crawling arm, etc.) are excellent, and the lab's set is magnificently superb.

— Bruce Hiltnerbeck, Jr. —

No, friends, it wasn't quite exactly "The True Story." Filmakers can get away by offering spurious versions of "great" events and plays by taking advantage of the Great Unwashed's illiteracy and stupidity. Those of you able to overcome years of comic book education and native inertia may find the original Mary W. Shelley novel a revelation. It never has been really made into a film, you know, or didn't you? (Your local library can easily remedy this and similar cultural handicaps.)

The trouble with the Inherwood-Bachardy script collaboration is that I have a feeling of both men being drunk while writing it most of the time. It reeks first of the intellectually sublime to the inconsistently idiotic. Truly a remarkable case of systematic incoherence proven by the silliness and choppy episodic quality of the entire production.

The other major defect was casting. Leonard Whiting as young Victor Frankenstein put in as much feeling as an animated potato. David McCallum, better suited for the lead, was shamefully wasted. And poor James Mason has aged so much that I was mere evenscore by feeling sorry for him that paying attention to his acting, though he seemed to have all the best lines. The surprising thing is that big corporations still continue using bachelors such as Jack Slaughter, who direct more errors than hits (do you still recall what he did to THE ILLUSTRATED MAN?). Slaughter's name is synonymous in radi!

With all its horrendous flaws, I cannot recall when TV has ever produced any thing as elegant or expensive looking, and I compare with CTB that all evil forces against imagination have begun to capitulate.

— Belinda MacEvoy —

Scripters Inherwood and Bachardy may prove they're not Bernard Shaw, and Jack Slaughter's direction isn't exactly Orson Wellesian. But so what? TV is going to give Shoguns and Hercules and Amazon and all the other SF/fantasy companies much to worry over from now on. FRANKENSTEIN was one of the damnedest best things in my 25 years of TV watching, and never mind all the huzzabuzzing indulged by my learned colleagues! I've got to confess it would be great to have seen it on a large theatre screen—the tube's geometric limitations are especially painfully obvious with larger, bigger-than-life productions.

I also understand that technical advancements could make it possible to have huge wall-size TV images with 500% greater clarity and capable of being adjusted for "Scope" flicks, but that they're kept "under cover," which makes me mad.

Mad, because NBC's beautiful production of FRANKENSTEIN and other great moments are limited by commercial control. But I've digressed. It'll be shown on NBC soon. Also, a theatrical release is getting readied (most likely for European markets). Anyway you look at it, it's a classic!

— Richard Bantow —



CoF's SLAYMATE-OF-THE-MONTH

Lovely Caroline Munro, who plays Mergana in *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, is certainly no stranger to the fantasy film brigade. After leading roles in *DR. PHIBES* and *DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN*, Hammer films signed her to a contract which gave way to her appearance in *DRACULA A.D. '72* and the forthcoming *KRONOS*. Caroline is the daughter of the late Janet Munro, a fine actress whom fans will remember from *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE*.

In her short career, the shapely British beauty has been menaced with a snake, bitten by a vampire, and, in *GOLDEN VOYAGE*, has problems with two legendary creatures: a centaur and a griffin (no, not Merv—he's another kind of problem).



VAMPIRA

About VAMPIRA And DAVID NIVEN, The New COUNT DRACULA

In 1972 writer Jeremy Lloyd and producer Jack Warner dreamed up a three-page synopsis, and then Lloyd wrote the screenplay, titled *VAMPIRA*. Finally, David Niven read the script, and accepted at once. "I couldn't resist it," said Niven. So, now he plays Count Dracula in *VAMPIRA*.

A mixture of high-camp and horror, it tells of the off-beat adventures of Dracula (in present-day London and Transylvania) when he gets heavily involved with a string of beautiful girls... as well as with certain droll characters.

In old and modern settings, ranging from heavily Gothic to mod London, Count Niven's adventures cover wide territory. In one sequence he encounters visitors from Playboy magazine, including a bevy of beautiful girls. With thunder rolls and lightning flashes, the mighty nose of the organ and a few bats flying, this whole scene takes on an awesome and macabre grandeur.

And that was just one of many interior and exterior scenes, shot around London. Others include: Highgate, Black Park, outside Buckingham Palace, The Mall, Soho, St. James, Carlton Tower Hotel, Euston, Heathrow Airport. Another interesting location was the underground car park at Ebbw Vale Studios where, surrounded by cars, Niven-Dracula gallantly

rescues a pretty girl from a young thief.

Niven was delighted over the part, but insisted: "It isn't really the real Dracula, or I'd be leaving it all to Uncle Vincent (Price) or to Chris Lee." He found his father-made large quite ideal, tense them in the film to give "gentle love bites to people and some of the many attractive girls in the cast... It all goes to make for pleasant working conditions," he said.

An unbelievable 64 years young, David Niven looks like his own son and attributes his well-being to good health ("For which I thank God," he says) and a happy, contented life. "I've been very lucky," he says.

One of the best-known actors in the field, he is especially noted by the great success of his best-selling autobiography, "The Moon's A Balloon" which, he says, "has given me a bigger kick than any of my 37 films to date." Now he's waiting another, which will be his third—it's not too well known that he published a novel in the late Fifties titled "Round The Ragged Rocks."

For nearly forty years (two generations!) David's remained among film-craft's most durable actors. He was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, March 1, 1909, educated at Stowe, and trained for an Army career at Sandhurst. After commissioning into the Highland Light Infantry and serving in Malta for two years, he re-



signed, visited Canada, then moved to New York to work as a writer and liquor salesman. He eventually broke into movies in Hollywood as an extra, making his speaking debut in *Bardelys Guest* and *Without Mercy* in 1935. Among his other early films were *A Feather in Her Hat*, *Splendor*, *Rose Marie*, *Palm Springs* and *Blonde's Eighty Wife*. He played *Destiny* in *Thank You, Aileen*, and his roles grew increasingly larger in *Doublecross*, *School Scum*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and by the end of the Thirties he had appeared in over 24 films, including *Down Patrol*, *Bachelor Mother*, *Whispering Nights*.



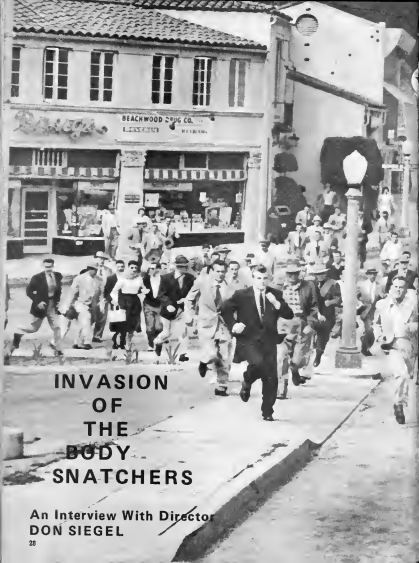
As soon as World War II broke, David returned to England, rejoining the Army, rising to the rank of Colonel, and taking time off to star in two British films, *The First of the Few* and *The Boy Who*.

On his Army discharge, David went on to play the lead in the excellent fantasy, *Stairway to Heaven*. His many film roles then include *The Bishop's Wife* (appearing as a bishop opposite "angel" Cary Grant), *The Moon in Blue*, *Across the World in 80 Days*, *My Man Godfrey*, *Separate Tables* (for which he won the Best Actor Academy Award), *The Goats of Nowhere*, *The Best of Enemies*, *The Pink Panther*, *Lady L*, *Casino Royale*, and his most recent films. Before *Wives Come*, *The Brave* and *King Queen Knave*. — CTR.



Lovely Teresa Greeno (who plays the sensuous Countess Chiodo in *VAMP! R&D*) was born on January 10, 1948, in Houston, Texas, and raised in Los Angeles. She went to Washington High School and graduated from the University of Southern California. Still in high school, she joined the *Quadrangle Players* in which she sang, danced and did comedy for 2½ years,

appearing in Las Vegas, Washington, Puerto Rico and elsewhere. She joined TV's "Laugh-In" for two years, winning wide acclaim, then, on to Vietnam with Bob Hope, and with Buddy Hackett in Las Vegas, debuting with her singing act. Her previous films were *That Man But* and *Stress*, co-starring in both with Fred Williamson.



INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

An Interview With Director
DON SIEGEL



It seems hard to imagine that only seven-
teen years have passed since *THE ASSAULT*
OF THE BODY SNATCHERS first
appeared upon the screen in 1956. For
those of us who look back nostalgically,
the film marked a high water level of
fantasy filmmaking in the Fifties; per-
haps it's also a little more than just
nostalgic sentiment, though. As with any
era, the Fifties had a mood all of their
own, but unlike the two preceding dec-
ades which were hung up by almost total
censorship controls and stereotype story
lines, American filmmaking began to bloom
into other areas as it never quite
before. Underlining this "new wave"
was the sense of realism—or "natural-
ism"—that directors were making more
use of in their productions. Cinematography
suddenly seemed to be more alive, freed
from many of the conventional rules or
traditions of the past. Thanks mostly to
television, of course, Hollywood was be-
ginning to change. Some directors were
now given more freedom. And a lot
more quality work was now evident in

A budget filmmaking as exemplified by the works of younger directors like Sam Fuller (THE BARON OF ARIZONA), Jack Arnold (IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, etc.) and Don Siegel who is the subject of this feature.

Apart from being one of the most important directors of our time (MADIGAN, COGGAN'S BLUFF, DIRTY HARRY, etc.), Don Siegel's INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS has not only stood the test of time but as one of the most important of all SF/fantasy films ever made. Indeed, it is with very good reason why it has been acclaimed now for many years as a "classic," which it is in every sense of the word.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

Credits and Synopsis

Dr. Miles Bennell: Kevin McCarthy
Becky Driscoll: Dana Wynter
Dr. Daniel Kaufman: Larry Gates
Jack Belloc: King Donovan
Theodora Belloc: Carolyn Jones
Bobby Withers: Joan Wilton
Prods: Walter Wanger—Dir. Don Siegel
Music: Carmen Dragon—Screenplay: Daniel Mearns—Wanger—Soll fr. Mit. Hiss.

When Dr. Miles Bennell returns to the little California town of Santa Mira after a short business trip, his name, Sally Withers, informs him of a strange hysteria that apparently is spreading among the populace. Miles and his fiancée, Becky Driscoll, with their friends Dr. Daniel Kaufman, Jack and Theodora Belloc, slowly realize something of what is happening.

At first a few of the townspeople—and then more and more—lose their emotional and spiritual identities, and appear as strangers to their relatives and friends, while retaining their outward appearance. A demonstration, a passion ready to survive, is the only impulse that remains. Miles, Becky, Dr. Dan, Jack and Theodora soon find the unexplained and apparently inexplicable cause: a weird form of plant life has descended on Santa Mira and is spreading all over. When great watermelon-like pods open and open, from each of them emerges a "blank" in human form—a blank that, for example, becomes a second Jack Belloc and, during the real Jack's sleep, drains from him all of his normal identity and emotions. As one after another become "replaced" by a Pod-like identity, they form a united herd who conspire to change others into their image to form a new automation type society. The trick is that a Pod must be placed somewhere near someone's living quarters—once it begins to form his physical characteristics and even if the person isn't near his home, the "conversion" becomes final after one falls asleep and awakes. The original Pod then turns to a ball of dust in the heart of its withered shell.

New Pods, their former friends are aware that Miles and Becky still remain "unchanged" even though, for awhile, they try escaping by pretending that they've joined the pack. In spite of their brave attempts to flee the evil

of Santa Mira, Becky, in a fit of exhaustion, falls asleep, awakening as a Pod person. Panic stricken, Miles runs far away down a highway, shooting, running, warning everyone of the impending danger. Taken into custody by Los Angeles area police and thought to be drunk on a lunatic, Miles continues telling his story which detection leads so patiently but disbelieves—until, suddenly, a report flashes in that a truck full of Pod shells was discovered in a big spill-over accident on the freeway. The chief of the detectors stands back at Miles and now believes him. He orders the men in his department to summon all other police departments, the militia, the National Guard.

Final shot, team streaming down his face, feeding not only vindicated but, after a nightmare that lasted many harrowing days, starts at last, Miles ends realizing the evil side of the Pods has been steamed—... perhaps.

Following are two interviews with Don Siegel. The first one, by the noted film historian and director, Peter Bogdanovich, appeared originally in issue number 15 of "Movie," an excellent in-depth but hard to find British magazine.

I worked very closely with Danny Mearns who's a very fine writer. Again we were helped and inspired by Walter Wanger. With all the titles in the world it's impossible to come up with a worse one than *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. It's so bad that it has totally obscured the original title I can't remember for the life of me what it was.

What did you do with the script. How much did you change?

Piney's story is a damn good one. We just translated it into cinematic terms. There was a real effort to make it completely believable—that was the big chore, so that it wouldn't be just another special effects picture.

The terror of the film is in it's absolute reality. Yes, I agree. This is probably my best film, because I hide behind a facade of bad scripts, selling stories of no import and I felt that this was a very important story. I think that the world is populated by pods and I wanted to show them. I think so many people have no feeling about cultural things, no feeling of pain, of sorrow. I wanted to get it over, and I didn't know a better way to get it over than in this particular film. I thought I shot it—terrible talking about myself this way but I have for some time, so I may as well continue—I thought I shot it very imaginatively, like in the case which I found, when they run over the boards. All this was me. And I was encouraged all the time by Wanger.

What parts do you like in the opening and the ending—namely the ending. Obviously this wasn't your decision.

No it was Wanger's decision. The studio felt, as pods will feel, I suppose, that you can't have comedy in a horror film, and so they wanted clarification. They wanted on a prologue and an epilogue which I shot in self defense. If I didn't, they were going to have one of their pod directors do it, and they had quite a few. The ending of the picture, as it was, was one of the most dramatic that I've ever done and for that matter I've ever seen. It ended with Kevin McCarthy pointing his finger at the audience and screaming—'You're next' and the curtain came down and

you were in a state of shock because you didn't know whether the person sitting next to you might be a pod. The prologue was totally unnecessary. I started in a simple little town with getting off the train, just a very ordinary little story about suburban life. And then this gradually took place.

So the opening and the ending could be stripped off the ends of any prior and it would look pretty much the way you shot it.

No. It wouldn't look like what it became because the damage had already been done within the film. I wanted it to be so normal that when any reference about pods is made to anybody it seems absolutely ludicrous. There was a great deal of laughter in the film. They took all that out. The picture is good even though they did all that but it would have been even better. You could take off the beginning and the end, that's right, and it would be a lot closer to the way that Danny Mearns and Walter Wanger and I conceived the picture. I have run it at various times for people I was about to be associated with in America and without exception it was received very badly, which is another damning thing I don't understand it. Maybe it's because they're pods that people are shocked at it! I didn't think of that at the time.

Is there a specific political reference in the picture to McCarthy and communism?

It was anticapitalist, but I tried not to emphasize it because I feel that motion pictures are primarily to entertain and I did not want to preach. How did you shoot that last freeway shot? Was it a sight and was it really done in the freeway?

Yes. It was done on a bridge over the freeway that is not used very much. I think we had fifty cars with an eleven-hour limit. It got pretty frenetic. I shot it during one evening.

In Body Snatchers, are you laying into American society specifically, or the world?

The world. I think the world is sick. The Pods are taking it over, that is what they are totally responsible to me; I'm very much against war. I don't think that they accomplish anything. I don't see that the world is getting any better. I can't think it's getting any better. Pick up *Time* magazine and they're fighting here and they're fighting there, they're fighting everywhere. It doesn't seem like it's ever going to stop.

The Pods element is a lack of feeling.

That's right. Absolutely. Most people—crazily people here, at Universal, in Hollywood, California, the United States—go unthinking about their work. They're not aware of what's going on about them; they're very selfish. And I'm one of them. I get to wrapped up in the work I'm doing, I'm not even aware that many less fortunate people are out of work, or starving, or in need of help. I'm blinded by being busy and I don't like to think about it. So, I'm becoming one of those people that I hate. I'm becoming a Pod.

Don Siegel relates more about directing **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** in this exclusive interview by Jim Meyer (with special thanks to Philip B. Moskowitz for helping making it possible).

Q: Who discovered Jack Finney's book, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, and first realized its film potential?

Siegel: The producer, Walter Wanger, dis-



Above: director Don Siegel sets up a scene with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter. Right: King Donovan, Kevin and Dana ponder over a Redman. Center: McCarthy discovers a Redman for Dana Wynter. Bottom: Wynter, Carolyn Jones, Kevin and Donovan react in horror on finding Pudd in the bathroom.



covered the book, thought it would make an excellent film and managed to interest Allied Artists in it.

CoF: Did you write scenario and to what extent? Did producer Walter Wanger?

Siegel: Daniel Mainwaring, in addition to being a fine scenarist and novelist, is a very close friend of mine. On my recommendation Mr. Wanger hired Danny to do the screenplay. Danny and I discussed with Mr. Wanger our attack on the story, what we wanted to say, the general style, etc. After many conferences with Mr. Wanger and with his full blessing, Danny and I got "lost" and proceeded immediately on the actual screenplay. Danny is a firm believer in a close association with the director on all his film projects. Danny would do all of the actual writing. I'm very militant about not corrupting a writer's style. One man writes. However, after laying out each sequence, Danny would then write it and turn in to me his first draft. I would aid, abet, encourage, criticize, argue—and Danny would re-write it. Because of the pressure of time, I would take our revised pages to Mr. Wanger. He would have a few constructive criticisms which I would then relay to Danny and that would be that.

CoF: What other titles had been considered for the film?

Siegel: Without equivocation, if one paid a bonus to all and sundry for the worst title to be picked, it would have been impossible to have chosen a stupider





one than **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**. For one thing, **THE BODY SNATCHERS** had been used as a title for a film before. For another, it is a cheap title with absolutely the wrong kind of connotation for our picture. But the Pods who ruled Allied

Artists and who had the final control of our title absolutely insisted on **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**. We suggested so many titles, from them-let's "Sleep No More" to "I am A Pod," that I could fill an entire page with the rest of them.

CoF: While the main action took place in Santa Mira, California, what community was used for location work, how long were you there and how much time was spent on the whole production?

Siegel: Sierra Madre, a suburb of Los Angeles, was used to shoot the main action which presumably took place in Santa Mira. I thought it was a happy choice. We shot in the actual city and its environments about four or five days. The entire picture took, to the best of my recollection, nineteen days of shooting.

CoF: Of what material were the Pods made, and how many were needed during production?

Siegel: A few—about ten—were made from rubber impressions so that they could "breathe". The others, poorly and cheaply made, were of plastic. We had about fifty plastic Pods.

CoF: How many camera set-ups were required for the scene in the greenhouse during which McCarthy, Wyster, Donovan and Carolyn Jones watched the Pods come to life?

Siegel: It's a little hard, at this late date, for me to be accurate. I know I over-shot the greenhouse sequence. My guess would be, including the Pods coming to life, over a hundred set-ups.

CoF: How was that coming-to-life process accomplished? Had it been filmed separately and then integrated into the scene?

Siegel: Good old fashioned soap bubbles saved the day. We would shoot our rubber Pods coming to life, then, by cutting away to reactions from Kevin, Dana, King and Carolyn, we would pick up our Pods in a more advanced stage. We would obscure the faces with soap bubbles, then by cranking at high speed reversing our film, it would appear that the bubbles, as they burst, slowly took the form of the body they were taking over. Of course we had rubber impressions of the bodies and faces of our four principals. Actually, this was our main expense. Our crew found Dana and Carolyn particularly interesting, lying stark naked among our peeps.

CoF: Regarding McCarthy's frantic scene on the highway—medium and close-up shots appeared to be process work very skillfully integrated in the film. Had these been second unit shots

for the film or already on file in Allied's library?

Siegel: All of the shots on the highway of Kevin trying to stop traffic were shot on a crossbridge across the Hollywood Freeway. This particular bridge was not used by much normal traffic. We cordoned it off and shot from day-



break to down, completing all our work. There was no second suit on this sequence or, for that matter, nowhere else in the film. There was no process used at all or any other trick medium during this sequence.

CoF: Was McCarthy in danger in this sequence? Did it make it necessary to film that scene last, or was his running in and out between the heavy traffic "trick work"?

Siegel: All the shots were authentic. We rented about fifty cars, crossed our fingers and went at it furiously. There was considerable danger for Kevin. For one thing, he not only seemed but was quite exhausted. When we shot the final scene of his screaming at the cars, it was just before dawn. Kevin was so tired, I was terrified that his timing would be off and he might fall down under the wheels of the cars and trucks. I put excellent stuntmen in as actual drivers of the various cars which were near Kevin. They were all warned of the dangers and handled themselves very well. I saw no reason for so-called "trick work." I wanted very badly to make the sequence particularly believable—and so again, with fingers crossed, I shot it all straight.

CoF: Who, if anyone, involved with the film realized then that it would be so exceptional?

Siegel: Really, only one man, the producer, Walter Wanger. The studio thought nothing of the picture and really didn't have the slightest conception of what we were striving for. For example, when Mr. Wanger and I discussed how to do the film, I told him to forget all the problems concerning the special effects. I had had seven years experience in special effects, and knew that the problems that faced us were not too tough and certainly not expensive. Many special effect pictures spend millions on effects (we spent \$3,000), have too wooden characters in front of the effects who act badly or strangely, and come up with a film which is poor. My idea, which Mr. Wanger enthusiastically endorsed, was to face the problem of divulging the idea of Pods taking over the world, as normally as possible. By that, I mean that obviously, in real life, if one were to state, "Look out! Pods are about to take over!"—no one would take it seriously, and rightly so. So that's what we did. In the picture the various characters, when first learning about the Pods, did not take it seriously, but when they were suddenly face to face with this monstrous horror, their reaction was genuine—as it would be



Dana and Kevin flee in terror from their town's Pod inhabitants.



in real life. Allied Artists took Mr. Wanger's and my final cut of *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* and cut out all the humor because, in their hallowed words, "Horror films are horror films and there's no room for humor."

In addition, they forced me, against Mr. Wanger's desire, to shoot a prologue and an epilogue. I resisted shooting this mish-mash as long as I could hold out, until they threatened to have one of their janitors shoot it if I refused. In Mr. Wanger's and in my version, the last shot of the picture, the very last end shot, was a close shot of Kevin McCarthy pointing his finger directly at the audience, screaming at the top of his lungs, "You're next!" At that moment the picture abruptly and very dramatically ended. And what a stir it created when we previewed it this way. When the lights came up, everyone looked nervously at his immediate neighbor at either side of him and wondered uneasily if he were surrounded by Pods. A really sensationally original ending for a film.

CoF: Did the film have the exploitation it deserved or did it take TV to make viewers aware of the film's real worth?

Siegel: *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* was at the time treated by Allied Artists as a B picture of small commercial value. It cost under \$300,000 to make, and the studio spent practically nothing on advertising or any kind of publicity. I am sorry to report that at the time it was released in Hollywood, it was not taken seriously. Also, in a commercial sense, it was not exciting. The studio simply did not get behind the picture. It was only later—years later—that it began attracting an increasing amount of artistic attention, mostly with younger people, mostly in Europe. When the film was finally released to TV, the dam burst and the general public really liked it and understood it.

CoF: Is *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS* your favorite film?

Siegel: I liked *INVASION* as a film because it had something to say, which I considered important, and it was shot in a form which I found entertaining. However, it is in fact my favorite film, which doesn't mean that it's my best work but that it's the most interesting theme that I have had the privilege to film.

THE
END



The gripping chase scene, leading to the film's dynamic conclusion. Below: Dana and Kevin, tired by their fight. Opposite page: Kevin consoles the exhausted Dana, unaware of the coming horror that will claim her. Bottom: the climactic scene leading to the finale, as Kevin tries warning posing motorists of the Pod invasion. . . or perhaps it's a warning about the Republican Party.





movieguide

057 MISS/DR APOLLO/F55 (33 sec.)
(Titles—1944). *Author of the many Janis Bond imitations* (saves by Italy and practically everyone in the States). Good crime syndicate plots to terrorize the American West. His big-power, that-be-ya sci-fi and superheroes. Bond like him has his kinkles. Bond is really a actually basic plot. I never played US theater but will undoubtedly show up on TV. Dr. James Reed Arthur Hines, Pamela Tudor, Mica Tait, Harold Bradley, Eduardo Filippini. Color.

05.5. 117—MISSION FOR A KILLER
94 min.—(Entertainment)—1990. Interesting
Dare-like thriller, better than average of its
kind. Special agent 317 goes to Rio to search
for the killers of important government lead-
ers. Aiding him is an ex-military spy, who works
for an insidious organization using a deadly
drug that maims the senses. Smart-alecky pro-
ductions, dir. by Andre Huneault. Frederick
Stafford, Mylene Demers. **C-Plus.**

O.S. 117 TAKES A VACATION (92 min.—Columbia [Buena]—1965). Another one of the Bond in the popular British super-agent vs. spies series. Agent 117 hopes to check all business aside and take a well-deserved holiday in Ceylon. But scheming, of the well-heeled bunch of hooligans and

Though the alphabetical rankings seem to be way past the halfway point, time coming under "T" runs even longer than what's ahead this round. Forget about "Q" and "R" which will get snapped up at one time. Just looking a little ahead, titles under "S" and "T" are so many that they may run into two parts each.

episodes, brother passes cake to Price by biting and infecting him before dying. Grubbs' own exploitation of gore, nauseating atmosphere replete with sickening unsuccessful in covering up directorial mishmash. Not Price Goo? Chris Lee, Hilary Swank, Jessica Williamson, Peter Ono, Sally Geeson, Rupert Davies, Harry Band, Ivor Dean, Cole.

OEDIPUS THE KING (87 min.—Univ.—1998). Potting, tragedy, murder, horror in the classical Greek tradition come to life in Sophocles' play, splendidly cast and directed by Philip Sewell. Young Oedipus, unaware of his royal lineage, believing he is a poor shepherd's son, kills a noble hoodlum-warrior on his way to Thebes. He marries Queen Jo-

Orson Welles shines in grand supporting role as Tiresias, the blind prophet of doom. Dedup: Christopher Plummer, Greco, Richard Johnson. Also: Cyril Cusack, Roger Livesey, Frederick Ledebur. Shot on location in Greece. Color.

OF GODS AND THE DEAD (128 min.—Olea-Rosenberg [Brazil]—\$880). Little known horror epic, unmissable so far for US market except, perhaps, as a limited trial basis. In single art house situation or quality payoff at some film festival. Second-hand reports reveal this a "visual acid." Story is of a dead supernatural being who assumes human shape and mix with normal people, and then... (hint, more info is needed). Ray, Ray Suarez, Paulo José, Flávio Império, Celys.

OGRE, THE (93 min.—Dais—1966). An omnibus—nifty, a veritable parade of Nipponese creatures, ghouls, gnomes in hand with supernatural forces, monsters, etc. seem to almost take over the land. Special effects and imagination in nice combination with pseudo-mythology. There's also a flying robin and gigantic cow, no less, who give the prime minister his share of chills. Dr. Tokyo Tanaka, Kazuo Hasegawa, Masao Ichikawa. Shintaro Katsu. J.



also more like his over-everything, with few well-used weapons. He goes down as dishes-turned-in cannibalist apocalyptic, Moshé about eating the Firm. Milton, Elsa Martelli, Luc Moréau, Edwige Fautrier, Genevieve Grad, Cass.

OBVIOUS BOX, THE (91 min.—**A-**)—**1988.** Good grief and several bright moments as three brothers are thrown away under Gordon Haskell's uneven, uninspired direction. Woodie Campbell as Vincent Price's brother (by error) while slave-trading in Africa. Brother is blown away in English manse, terribly disfigured and growing madder all the while. Actually he was supposed to *res* in coffin, but... . After series of erratic, senseless con-

being and terror film. Much later, in his horror, the *Requiem* (Luis Puenzo) is his own movie and that he killed his father, stunned by grief, he gouged out his eyes after Juarez's alleged betrayal. Black style of Greek drama faithfully recreated with the most effective subliminal symbolism in the best sense of modern filmmaking, that menacing crimes against noble citizens made by collect and take over the national power.

MAN, BOY (78 mins.—ABC [Britain]—1938).
 Pithy, lively Spentley comedy about invasion
 that who claves recognition but is too tired
 to assert himself, said... Weirid scientist
 gives him special skills that imbues him with
 heroous courage and magnetic personality.
 Unconsciously, state carries one bad "side
 effect" that gradually requires enormous
 control to inferno. Many moments sleek
 and a lot of so-called high-society drag, in was
 common with numerous British comedies of
 the Thirties; and overall effect is quite good.
 Dir. Albert de Gruille. Alford Burdon,
 Mus.

OH DAD, PLOOT DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SÅO (84 min.—7 Arts—1967).

Depression shows through in incredibly botched Richard Dreyfuss film of Arthur Hays Sulzberger's memoirs. Misadventure: another Beatnik Russel surreys about with stuffed corpse of husband Jonathan Winters and repressed neurotic son Robert Morse. The parents' accident: their white son Morse, nearly discovering sex, has brief affair with his baby-sitter who seduces him. He ends up changing her, mamma murders rich teacher who is turn dies. Mom and son leave, this time with two cars. Flat, pointless words: news, dread of stress or tumor (thanks THE LOVED ONE, roughly in a similar vein but a masterpiece). Dramatic cutting and frenetic post-production work a no help. Hugh Griffith, Barbara Harris. **Good.**

OH, THOSE MOST SECRET AGENTS!

(96 min.—A&E—1966). Italian comedy (see similar stuff about Gato gorobricking anti-fascists who conspire on a plan to rob supposedly uninhabited villa. Inside though is a nest of espionage agents working for a foreign power. They rob the two intruders to become dupes in a plan where they must deliver strange secret formula for some good awful weapon to mighty suppliers. Italian early Martin-Lewis type: a la Bond, with lots of spaghetti sauce and cheese. Oh, Lucio Fulci, France Franchi, Clelio Sogno. **Good.**

OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR! (126 min.—

Param—1966). Stunning musical anti-war "message" delivered in mighty ironic black comedy. Richard Attenborough's first directorial job (he also co-produced) does have some usual "first time" imperfections. The quality of world power emerges in war. In this case, WW II, the crippling, maiming, corpse count and honor of it all does, however, become grimmer, bitter reality by being cynically set to music. Glorious, elegant starts with Europe's final gummy days, then quickly swoops away from isolate English life to the mockery of rearmaments, "all to arm" and patriotic propaganda decorations "home." It depicts young ones to die for God and Country all over Europe. Maybe

It was all better done in ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, PATHS OF GLORY, THE VICTIMS and in DR. STRANGELOVE

—and seems to have derived from all of these, especially the last two which required large musical moments to crown their own scolding metaphors. But since nothing of real value could exist without derivation, and since film bears strong, indelible signature of its own with tremendous impact, it's a major classic at the very least—musical. Giant cast of thousands. Incredible musical supporting/cameo roles starting greats like Ruston Richardson, John Gielgud, Kenneth More, Jack Hawkins, John Mills, Michael Redgrave, Vanessa Redgrave, Laurence Olivier, Dirk Bogarde, etc. **Good.**

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE (70 min.—MGM—

1952). The middle-aged James Whitely's penchant for macabre (holier never seen to better advantage, though large servings of whaler wit found throughout INVISIBLE MAN and BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN) perhaps even mentoring the C's. Group of teenagers making together (consisting of Mervyn Douglas, Charles Laughton, Gloria Stuart, Raymond Massey, Lillian Bond) head into a storm, get stranded, seeking near-shelter, they are "invited" in and again, night with weirded family war seen on a screen: a chilling 102-year-old bedridden family patriarch (Gloria Laughton) and off-germ, phasing atmosphere son (Ernest Thesiger), a stalker for decorum and propriety, though the house is the consequence of mistakes and neglect. Ed Moore, a typical Bebe Vada and religious fanatic sounding like original sin in last stages of born-again funda-

mentalism, pyromaniac brother Bremer (who must stay locked up). And... Born Karloff as Morgan the "Butler," but really more the Karloffian Master, dressed up to kill, literally, and quite lethal after telling a pretty he's incapable of speech, scared, ugly, menacing, but quite articulate with his blood aweful growls. Really matching superb white, all mood, serious et al created thru Whitely's involvement of creative mood, set design, shadows and brilliant camera work.

OLD DARK HOUSE, THE (88 min.—Col-

man—1963). Based on same plot (and book by J.B. Priestley) as above, but framed up and modernized... and unmemorable rules. Car salesman Tom Poston goes to old English house but learns his ex-wife's client was murdered. Other deadly fellow, and weird relatives suspect Poston who learns of plot to blow up house with dynamite. He works against time, destroys himself, and takes one thru window just as it detonates outside to kill the real murderer. Miss plot, hardly a pitch in quality gothic, but fun because of great set and director William Carter's slick, horrible plot touches. Robert Morley, Joyce Van Allen, Peter Bull, Mervyn Jones. Directed by Charles Addams (his gothic career was mainly influenced by Whitely's version of this film).

OLDEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD, THE (115 min.—J&M, Home-VHS—

1966). (US version, 98 min.—1966). Handsome, well made and mounted anthology of erotica and prostitution (the ages that starts in a "Prehistoric Era" and goes all the way to "Amelioration," or fun in and out of bed (and Gerber's) 2000 A.D. style. Particularly watch out for Rainer Wack in pre-gig Name period. Many directors had a hand... In the film: Franco Zeffirelli, Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Jutra, Luis Prieto, de Broca, Mauro Bolognini, Michael Pfaffner. Hosted by Michel Lenoir, Anna Karina, Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli, Michèle Mercier, Jacques Chateau, others. **Good.**

Urban light, with the degree of getting red cloudy out of hand in 1,000 YEARS FROM NOW (But for a down-to-earth preview, drop in on Newark, N.J. anytime... any day!)





A rare and unusual shot of the dynamic and vivacious Diana Rigg—or, if you prefer, Miss Emma Peel. Starling in *ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE*, her other most recent films have been *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* and *THEATRE OF BLOOD* (see CoF no. 20).



ONE MILLION B.C. (80 min.—UA—1940). Tremendously interesting but grossly flawed to the extent that D.W. Griffith ordered his name removed as producer and co-director (telling Hal Roach Sr./Jr. take "credit"). Main mistake is childish plot: brutish cave tribe forces fussy cavewoman with kindly Sholl from their primitive manners and volcanic eruption-earthquake terms both sides together. Muddy intrinsically photographed episodes combine with good special effects, though matte blow-ups of small live reptiles is less of Griffiths' style animation seems very disappointing once you think about it; but overall effect is, oddly enough, highly welcome, thrilling entertainment. Victor Mature is physically ideal in Tarzan-like arrow; Cheney Jr. at his best as Kikook. Crowe Landis, John Hubbard, Nigel de Brulier, Jess Porter. Narrated by Conrad Nagel.

a Greek classic. The outcome is a supreme achievement of poetic magnitude rarely ever seen on a screen. Frame after frame, each sequence is the embodiment of superb classical imagination and visual sense of true artistry. It's impossible to do justice to such a classic in five space (see *GoP* no. 6's "The Testament of Jean Cocteau" for complete details and careful article on the director). Film has influenced many others, especially *THE WILD ONE*. Rating: One of the Great Films of All Time.

OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE (104 min.—MGM—1947). Jack Clayton's brains and beautiful follow-up to *THE INNOCENTS*, based on Julian Gluck's obscure novel about British children who try to hide their mother's death and avoid being sent to an orphanage. Very odd story with director veering from brilliant to misguided. Not a complete success, though Clayton's second best is still first calves. Kirk Bogarde, Penelope Franklin, Margaret Brooks. Color.

OTHELLO (170 min.—WB—1965). Lavish, opulent and expensive treatment of play seems unfortunately little to imagination in its third filmation for the screen. Director Stuart Burge's technique is absolutely faithful in recreating every facet and incident described by Shakespeare, but nearly three hours rarely capture what *Crossed* and *Wentworth* could do in nearly half the time. Worth seeing as a flawed play, though, especially for Laurence Olivier as Othello, Maggie Smith, Joyce Redden, Frank Finlay. Color.

OTHER MAN, THE (120 min., with commentary—ABC-TV—1976). Outstanding performance by Jack Hackett in this made-for-TV production as a neglected housewife who begins an affair with playboy Roy Thinnes. Hackett's blindfolded by love, she fails to see that she's walked into a *WENTWORTH*-like situation. Filmed at Big Sur. Treva Givens, Arthur Hill. Color.

OUR MAN FLINT (107 min.—Fox—1965). Good sets and special fx used in fast-paced satire as agent Flint (James Coburn) foils



"Defensa"

plot to control weather changes. Many funny gimmicks throughout—film succeeds mainly because of Coburn's talent and enthusiasm, and important to remember as the film itself made him a star. Dir. Daniel Mann (Rose Tator, *Thelma of the August Moon*), Lee J. Cobb, Joe Glenn, Edward Mulhare, Celeste

OUT OF SIGHT (87 min.—Urb.—1966). Rar as the unintentionally selfish attorney but definitely its own r/r get overhauled bomb plot outlined by man called Big Daddy, who's been driven insane by r/r music and plans to blast it out of existence at a big concert he's sponsoring. Unfortunately, group of r/r freaks prevent him. Jonathan Daly, Jerry Lewis and the Playboys (who in his heyday didn't've changed much with their Italian ancestry). Dir. Lester Koenigs. Color.

OUTWARD BOUND (83 min.—WB.—1956). Loosely based modernization of *Outward Bound*, sensitively filmed, with excellent performance by Leslie Howard in lead role. Two young lovers join a group of people on ocean voyage, eventually realizing that all on board are dead. Ship's dead and steered. Dudley Digges, symbolizes Hades' ferryman taking his passengers down the river as they die. Remade 14 years later as *BETWEEN TWO WORLDS*, but lacking original's dramatic/philosophical quality. Helen Chandler, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

ADDENDA

ODD MAN OUT (113 min.—Urb.—1947). John Mason is outstanding but almost always equaled by performance from great cast. Story of wounded Irish rebel Meade's adventures and mishaps, trying to seek shelter, as he seeks to Clytemnestra's, exposing a variety of people's idiosyncrasies and the human condition in suspense-filled series of episodes. Many laden with brilliant black humor, interwoven by depth wit, tragedy and action throughout. A true classic, directed by Carol Reed. Robert Newton, Cyril Cusack, Dan O'Herlihy, Fay Compton, Robert Dratty.

OF MICE AND MEN (137 min.—UA—1939). John Chumley Jr.'s own personal interpretation (culminating mostly from his father's selfish ego) inspired him to give his air as Lennie, the pathetic retard, the best performance of his bright career as both for this Academy Award winning film. Top-notch supporting cast is vibrant, and making on lead star James Meredith as Lennie's kind protector trying to keep him out of trouble. John Steinbeck's grim neo-classical novel got in a vibrant working ranch in the Depression (and 35%) before adapted by director Lewis Milestone (*All Quiet on the Western Front*, *A Walk in the Sun*, etc.). Betty Field, Bob Steele, Charles Bickford, Noah Berry Jr.

OOOOGH (85 min.—Col.—1933). Director John Gilling plot full of spectacle on such film first being made to make multiple ventures, and likewise featuring scenes such as *Plague of the Zombies*, and even *The Mummy's Revenge*. Dropped-out, lost in water, in poor vein. Good production, but also a draughty mother sewing too close to the jungle. It bars out that audience is missing Florida Flamingo, Pamela De Woff, Juma, Elmer Zimmerman, Celeste.

O. HENRY'S FULL HOUSE (87 min.—Fox.—1952). Plot of the great master storyteller's tales in *Three-Ringed Wonder* film format. However, certain critics under-

estimated, some dimly, to innate beauty and atmosphere generated by excellent period quality throughout most of the tales. Three points: "The Cop and the Anthem," "The Garden Call," "The Gift of the Magi" are charming time-lapse to an earlier New York with their set, but whose western soil walked as recently as 20 to 14 years ago. And "The Last Leaf" is particularly enchanting. "The Remedy of Red Chief" with Fred Allen and Oscar Levant is funny but is a 15-min scene and western in the quality. Above segments directed respectively by Henry Koster, Henry Hathaway, Henry King, Jan Neugebauer, Howard Hawks.

OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE (87 min.—WB.—1958). Ernest Hemingway's light and simple novel required a good deal of understatement just to get nearly an hour and a half on screen. Beautifully evocative, under state druggers philosophizing concerns Man vs. Life, symbolized by one Cuban fisherman Spencer Tracy who is just going to fish, stepped it away out at sea, alone sitting slowly away, with nothing but ragged isolation left by the time old man arrives in port. Tracy presents an able photographic and many points of value. Dir. John Sturges (*Ice Station Zebra*, *Marooned*). Color.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE (86 min.—Fox.—1958). Deceitfully told account of U.S. space program during pre-Sputnik days. Men placed for astronomical career are put through series of endurance tests and space flight training. Badly dated enough even for its time, semi-documentary pedestrian style insured built-in kiss of death. Dir. Robert D. Webb. John Hotel, Guy Madison, Warren Stevens, Gene Jigger, Virginia Latta. Color.

ON THE WATERFRONT (168 min.—Col.—1954). "I could've been a contender," uttered metaphorically by Marlon Brando to



elder brother Rod Steiger, opens one of the final acts to a great realistic movie film. The Brando can evoke another murder, his Rod's found dead hanging by a hook in his neck. Stud Schulberg's scathing exposé of typical union corruption is bravely reported humorously—director Elia Kazan at his best. A classic. Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb.

1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS (75 min.—UPA—1959). The inimitable, unmistakable voice of Jim Backus once again backs up narrated Mr. Magoo's time in a spectacular feature-length cartoon version of the familiar Arabian tales. Typical of above-average quality of this effort is the wonderfully half-hour Magoo series appearing on in a year later, and still in proper syndication. Dir. Jack Kinney. Voices of Alan Reed, Herschel Bernardi, Dwayne Hickman, Kathryn Grant, Hans Conried. Color.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (81 min.—Urb.—1948). Young 16-year-old experiment stage executive Robert Walker finds store statue of Venus turning into voluptuous goddess Ann Gardner. Two in, as usual, so attractive that it hurts. Otherwise film plot lingers back and forth to the basic when Gardner and Walker aren't together, then falls with a dull thud once the becomes a stage actor at the finale. Dir. William A. Seiter. Tom Conway, Dick Haymes, Olga San Juan, Eve Arden.

OSCAR WILDE (98 min.—Fires Around the World—1960). Intriguing in-depth film biography, mostly centered around Wilde's ruthless and art that exposed to the world his so-called "perversion" relationship with Lord Douglas. Well directed and literate,

though quite fancy, but important examination of the man whose imagination and witty genius (and author of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and many famous plays) represented not only the best of Victorian-era culture and an important break-through in writing (that influenced countless writers and poets for the last half century). Wilde was actually the whole film that inspired the Art Nouveau movement, especially master artist Aubrey Beardsley. Indeed, Wilde has artistically affected—well, if indirectly—creativity in our century more than any other major figure. More than excellently played by Robert Morley, who originally appeared in a Broadway hit version of Wilde's life 20 years earlier. Dir. Gregory Ratoff. Myths Calvert, John Neville, Helen Richardson, Dennis Price, Alexander Knox.

ORDERED TO LOVE (92 min.—Germ.—1960). Based on actual history, if not on practical fact, Nazi-run breeding camps to create super-race soldiers of the future provided the basis of some of the film. Obviously influenced spectators at all as a whole idea and, unfortunately, has always been shown in a naïve way. Concept, though, isn't handled as well as it could be. It's to be admired, as well as not nearly enough to be entertaining. So great affected by those seen. Dir. Werner Klingler. Maria Noll (*On Danger*, *Glück*—see *Col* p.26), Rosemary Krieger, Maria Perschy.

OUR TOWN (80 min.—UA—1945). Thornton Wilder's durable masterpiece of American life re-depicted from successful stage hit into even better film version. Turn-of-century New Hampshire in the backdrop spanning some 40 years in the lives of two families, their small-town activities and friends, unaltered with several fine sub-plots. Whole acts focus on and spin around teenagers William Holden and Maureen O'Hara who grew up

Some from *OLD DARK HOUSE*. Left to right, several veterans of many movies and other films: Peter Bull in coffin of Dr. Strangelove fame; Robert Morley appeared in *Shore in Terror*; Marylyn Jones starred in the classical *The Dead of Night*. Joanne Scott also appeared in *Crack in the World*.

as next-door neighbors, share in happiness, experience, the deaths of relatives, and many. Unusually warm, sentimental drama with excellent singing (and some-else as scenes in modern dress from *Shore in Terror*). Musical score by Aaron Copland (*Of Mice and Men*) is great! Like any Aaron Copland score, it alone is worth "price of admission." Dir. Sam Wood (Goodbye Mr. Chips, Kings Row, For Whom the Bell Tolls, *Pay Garden*, *Brute Force*). Robert Mitchell, Guy Kibbee, Stu Krich, Frank Craven.

OTHELLO (92 min.—UA—1955). It took Oskar Wilde's Prometheus pain and around six years to make his flawed though still fine minor classic, only a little more of twisted KANE, AMBERGROSS and LADY FROM SHANGHAI since Hollywood considered his genius possible new genre, thus, financial risk. Roubini took a risk he couldn't raise because money for the famous "Turkish bath" sequence, especially created and faked so that the actors could go around in beach-beds. Notwithstanding such problems, Shakespeare's masterpiece classic of tragedy and tragedy means (with great insight, guts and brilliance, drawn by Wilde in the role and Michael MacLennan's masterful integration of the evil Iago Robert Coote, Robert Gaultier, Fay Compton.



FILMS

IMAGES (101 min.—Hamate—1972) To the list of outstanding films involving women and mental illness—**THE SNAKE PIT** (48), **THE THREE FACES OF EVE** (37), **LIZZIE** (37), **HOME BEFORE DARK** (38), **REPULSION** (67)—add this one, Robert Altman's most ambitious film to date, distinguished by a number of innovations not previously explored in this genre of filmmaking. Actually, it creates a new genre, intercutting thriller elements with a woman confronting her own bourgeois dopplegänger and such retrofitted devices as lead actress Susanoh York wearing and reading from a children's book ("In Search of A Unicorn") which she did indeed author, plus a shuffling interchange of real-life and character names. Like **REPULSION**, this is an interior monologue, the hallucinatory perception of Cathryn, who is continually crediting one person for another, including a dead lover and her own self. The success of the film owes much to Susanoh York, who delivers the best performance of her career, and the Pantheon photography of Vilmos Zsigmond (who may well be the greatest cinematographer in movie history—though we wonder if he'll ever again equal his opening shot in **SCARECROW**). Music by John Williams with some sound sculpturing by Stormi Yarnish-Ta. Rene Auberjonois, Marc Benda, Hugh Millan, Cathryn Harrison, John Morley.

DIMENSION FIVE (76 min.—Fox—1966). Not previously reviewed in CoF.—Seemingly influenced by **MAN FROM UNCLE**, this is a heavy on secret agent stuff as Jeffrey Hunt-

er was once traveling against an outfit called Dragon which plans to bomb L.A. The time travel looks like "beating down," and is only a minor part of the "action"—mostly one of those riding around in cars and flying about to replace affairs. It put us to sleep. David Chase, technical adviser of **KUNG FU**, appears in the film. France Nuyes, Color.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (123 min.—MGM—1972). As noted in the article on Mary Shelley in CoF no. 3, Lady Caroline Lamb figures tangentially into the history of **FRANKENSTEIN**. Her novel, "Gismon" (1816) is a fictionalization of the triangle between Lord Byron, William Lamb and herself. "Frankenstein" (1818) was expanded from a short story to a novel at Byron's suggestion. This film, the directorial debut of Robert Bolt, concentrates on Caroline Lamb's desperate obsession for Byron (Richard Chamberlain), an outstanding, memorable performance. The above novels aren't ever mentioned and recorded history is altered by Bolt in several places. However, there is such a striking verisimilitude of English life during that decade that one can easily fantasize Byron's influence on the Shelleys in May of 1816, not long after his affair with Lady Lamb (Sarah Miles, Bolt's wife). Also ignored by the film is Mr. Lamb's involvement with the young Edward Bulwer-Lytton (author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and the better novel: classic "The House and the Lines") whom she forced to wear Byron's ring. Jon Finch is appropriately bland as William Lamb, a role sandwiched between his unrestrained death-dealing in **MACBETH** and

stand-out performance in Hitchcock's **FRENZY** (not to overlook his upcoming role as Jerry Cornelius in Robert "Phibes" Furst's film of Michael Moorcock's apocalyptic SF fantasy, **THE FINAL PROGRAM**). John Mills, Margaret Leighton, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Michael Wilding. Color.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE (102 min.—WB—1933. Re-released by United Artists). "What's this?" you ask... does CoF consider Busby Berkeley a fantasist? The answer is yes. If you're doubtful, what can be said except, try it, you'll like it. This film is one of Berkeley's greatest, featuring the famous "By A Waterfall" dancing and water ballet, John Garfield as an extra in the "Shanghai Ed" number, the unintentionally protoque "Hercules and the Amazon Women" sequence, and "Bitter" On a Backyard Fence" with the girl dressed in cat outfits and, briefly, a dwarf dressed as a mouse. Chester Kent (James Cagney) contemplates doing a "Frankenstein" dance somewhere in the fast-paced action; it never appears, but that line of dialogue indicates that Berkeley might have considered the idea. A brief clip from **TELEGRAPH TRAIL** (1933) starring John Wayne is also seen. Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Cary Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly and William V. Mong (who wore makeup for the 1929 **SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**).

LEO THE LAST (100 min.—UA—1970). An allegory by John Boorman. Worth critiquing before you see Boorman's upcoming film **ZARDOZ**, about immortality on the planet Vortex. In **LEO**, the rock solvent

the north (symbolized by one street), but solely because Leo (Marcello Mastroianni), their landlord, decides he can destroy all barriers of class and race in a single blow. Triumph, but also befuddled by his own actions, he burns down his own house. The plot isn't as fast-paced as it may sound: in West Endway, Mass., last May, a man protecting high property taxes bulldozes his own house (worth about \$40,000) and stayed in with his relatives. As in *DELIVERANCE*, Boorman questions the very conventions and patterns of behavior upon which life is actually structured. Thought-provoking. It was Boorman the Cannes Best Director Award. Color.

CREeping FLEsh, THE (92 min.—Col.—1972). Freddy Francis' latest is one of his better efforts after a series of recent disappointing films. Effort to tell four different stories simultaneously gets a bit shaky, but the overall result is above average even if less than completely satisfying. Except for GIRLY, Francis has never fulfilled the promise he cinematography (*THE INNOCENTS*) and direction of his first feature (*THE SKULL*) implied. Kindly scientist Peter Cushing and less kindly brother Christopher Lee are out to isolate evil under a microscope so that an interesting system can be developed. Overpositive Cushing masculinizes his virginal daughter, Leona Heithren, with the staff and... well, this change comes over her, see... Properly morbid and Victorian period piece features good production and some nice house effects—though, as usual, they're over-the-top long for maximum effectiveness. The gaudy prehistoric detour is particularly over. Kenneth J. Warren, Michael Rapper. Color.

HATCHET FOR A HONEYMOON (83 min.—GCP—1972). Some typically beautiful moments for Mario Bea fanatics in this little-known 1970 Italian psycho thriller, though the pacing is disjointed as ever and the plot, such as it is, is mindbogglingly repetitious. Sort of a minor-league variation on *BLOOD AND BLACK LACE*, with a handsome hatchet murderer backing up pretty models in his beauty salon after dressing them in wedding gowns, all because of an unhappy (to say the least) childhood experience. The usual quota of nude menettes, striking lighting, anti-heretic angst and apparitions of the here as a dreamy-eyed child (not to mention a race scene and hopeful doings) make it another moving man for slave devotees, although it'll be as difficult as ever to explain to the unsensitized. Stephen Farquhar, Dagmar Lander. Eastman Color (dub), which means it'll probably flick before most of those who care ever get to see it.

REFLECTION OF FEAR, A (89 min.—Col.—1972). Made in 1971 in *LABYRINTH*, this arty number languished on the shelf for awhile until Columbia cut it and set it out as a horror dud. The present truncated version is sheer on coherence but long on tricky visuals. Director William Fraker (*MONTE WALSHE*), a former cinematographer, and camerawork by Laszlo Kovacs make it fun to watch even when the plot is at its most busy—which is all the time. Wend teenager Sondra Locke is held virtually prisoner in her barbed-wire enclosed island home by weird woman Mary Lee and weird grandmothers Signe Hasso. Enter long-dead doctor Robert Shaw and current fiancée Sally Kellerman, and pretty soon the murders start.

The twist ending is at least perverse if not terribly convincing. While lower ends and leopards abound. Color.

FRENZY (116—Uay—1972) Alfred Hitchcock back in great form, directing an Anthony Schaffer screenplay based on Arthur La Bern's "Goodbye Pissably, Farewell Lovers!" (since repeated as ph with some title as fuck). His first British-based film in 22 years, like all good Hitchcocks it deserves to be seen several times. Psycho rapist-killer Barry Foster is so adept at getting up his victims, while swinging about old London town, that his unsuspecting friend, Jim Fawcett, learns the truth nearly too late and misfires as the killer to beat. Good, typically Hitchcock twists, dark humor, top macabre moments. Music by Ron Goodson. Alec McCowen, Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Color.

SLEUTH (118 min.—Fox—1972). More than two hours fly too fast in one of the



The menacing masters of menace and mayhem, Peter Cushing, above, and Christopher Lee, right, in *THE CREEPING FLESH*.

gentlest films of the past ten years. Superb filmmaking by a true master, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed *Diogenes*, *Somewhere in the Night*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, *Five Fingers*, *Julius Caesar*, *Guns and Dogs*, *Cleopatra*, etc., etc., and the Academy Award winning classic, *ALL ABOUT EVE* (a masterpiece of meticulous, witty dialogue and performances by Bette Davis, George Sanders, Anne Baxter). Mankiewicz turns Anthony Schaffer's screenplay from his own play into an ever better movie. Brilliant exchange of roles as two men, Michael Caine and Laurence Olivier, try to beat each other in various subtle plots (and subplots) to break, eventually to destroy each other. The involvements and complexities are so sharp, so significantly compressed and executed, it comes at a tempo when "the odd" flashes on the screen. Large segments have such a polished "hone rike" quality in this super-smooth production that it would be wiser discretion waiting to see it some day on TV with commercial interruptions. Caine also does some of his part as a Charley St. in his best role to date; and Olivier proves himself again to be a master of his art in the role of detective author-playwright Andrew Wyke whose macabre-like manner is filled to overflowing with guile, wit, and witless moving dolls, fortune-telling machines, etc. Sets and production design by Ken Adam are marvelous. Perhaps this is the only true

an entertainment history when a screen and Broadway version (still running, starring Patrick Macnee)—and various road companies, including London's stage—can successfully oppose each other, and created a devoted following, if not a cult. Color.

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (117 min.—Fox—1972). Partially filmed aboard the Queen Mary, Irwin Allen's finally struck top project in this big-budgeted chameleon. Starts in deceptive semi-documentary style, then becomes weird, fantasy-like adventure of a huge ruptured ocean liner and its survivors. Several of the most impressive scenes: a tidal wave hitting the ship, a shot that loses a little of its impact because another shot is edited into the middle of it, scene of ballroom interior as ship turns over and people, grand piano, etc. slide down walls, seen underwater, the other ship upside-down, illuminated by occasional explosions, also seen underwater, Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Shelley Long, Carol Lynley, Stella Stevens, Pamela Sue Martin, Jack Albertson and Eric Shea swimming through passageways, doom to engine room. Some small, curly moments, a little gaudiness and disjointed making of a few scenes implied by the fine performance, from all perspective and awareness of the whole adventure. Good last direction by Ronald Neame, based on Paul Gallico's novel. Rod Burton, Roddy McDowall, Arthur O'Connell, Leslie Nielsen. Color.

SLITHER (97 min.—MGM—1972). The directorial debut of Howard Zuck, formerly of tv commercials, is a sort of Black Comedy On the Road, as several strangely sinister mobile homes follow James Can, Sally Kellerman, Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser around California. Whatever went wrong with this film, no one can say it doesn't generate



strong suspense. Plus there's Laszlo Kovacs' cinematography—and Caine creates such a brilliant character that, at long last, he's forgiven for his pseudo-Brando psychopunk in *LADY IN A CAGE* (even though we'll never be able to forget it—though in all justice Caine's staidest work in *THE GODFATHER* and splendid moving performance as the lead in the made-for-tv *BRIAN'S SONG* [winner of an Emmy] are also part of his good record). Color.

THE LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK (90 min.—Halo—1972). First film from Pierce-Ladette Productions of Tarkenton, Texas, is purportedly a true documentary

of the Foaks Monster of Foake, Arkansas—a sort of Bigfoot, with a Southern drawl. Amatrush, with cast of non-professionals, lacks much expertise and needed polish, but nevertheless contains a few neat moments of monster-savvy Foaks folk and some beautiful photography. Won't stop any awards, but the kids (who packed theatres to capacity) enjoyed it a lot. Includes narration (Wern Seearman) and interviews with local yokels. Color.

SAVAGES (106 min.—Angelika—1973). Highly unusual, offbeat allegory of civilization's rise and fall. Primitive savages arrive at a deserted mansion and then begin to assume the roles of various "cultured" types. A sort of *LORD OF THE FLIES* in reverse, from the director of *SHAKESPEARE WALLAH*, James Ivory. Production could've used some pruning, since a few huge sequences just hang in there too long. Louis Studin, Anne Francine, Salome Jens, Ultra Violet, Kathleen Widdoes. Color.



Above: Laurence Olivier, as Wylan, in one of the more eccentric, but typical, sequences in *SLEUTH*. Left: Sarah Miles, as *LADY CAROLINE LAMB*, enjoys a macabre interlude with one of Lord Byron's many weird effigies while visiting the great poet's home.

Below: Richard Chamberlain, as Lord Byron, is quite bored at a costume ball, while *LADY CAROLINE LAMB* (Sarah Miles), who is madly infatuated with him, stands by his side dressed as his slave girl.

SSSSSSSS (99 min.—Umi—1973). Lots fun with veteran buddy Strother Martin (the sadistic prison director of *COOL HAND LUKE*) as a kindly but quite, quite mad scientist who turns vacant-headed student assistant Dick Brundick into a King Cobra—all the better to survive the polluted future, don't you see? Pracky cut gives their all handling shiny reptiles, getting destroyed own, etc. Strother even gets bitten outstern by a black mamba (talk about dedication). *PLANET OF THE APES* John Chambers has designed a really superb snake-man makeup, Hal Roemer's script is well-paced and often funny, and Horne Kowalski (*GIANT LEECHES*) turns in his best directing job, getting some nice Tod Browning atmosphere into a couple of creepy carnival freak show sequences. Moreover, the snake stuff is both fascinating and repellant, with a few moments likely to bring satisfied yowls from the kids. Heather Menzies, Jack Garg, Richard B. Shull. Color.

THE RESURRECTION OF ZACHARY WHEELER (94 min.—company "—1971). Complete production info unavailable: when this was TV-viewed, apparently as a 30-run. Perhaps first good filmations of alternate

possibilities of the scientific application of DNA/cloning (the theory of reassembling a complete duplicate of a man from a mere sliver of skin from one's body). Senator and possible Presidential hopeful Bradford Dillman's damaged body is removed from our view; investigative journalist Leslie Nielsen knows that Dillman has only short time to live, and gets suspicious when the body is mysteriously transferred elsewhere. U.S. Govt. intelligence tries thwarting Nielsen's hunt, almost succeeds as he chases cross-country to his destination: in kind of *AN-OROMEDA STRAIN* atmosphere, secret science center in Alamogordo, N.M., is hard at work saving lives of famous people via major transplants extracted from bodies of horse-grown clones. (e.g. organ rejection is impossible when it comes from a "man"). Some flaws and slack periods don't detract from dynamic final third of the story. Definitely a "must see." James Daly. Color.

THE RULING CLASS (155 min.—UA—1972). Overly long British production about lunatics, with messianic delusions, who inhabit an outland. Features such attractions as "The Electrical Messiah," a bizarre hallucinatory monster, Jack the Ripper fantasies, and discussions with "the insane in





Above: The left-faced Walt Disney used around 1922. Lower right: DUMBO. Bottom right: Walt Disney and Margie Gay, surrounded by the artwork for *Walt's ALICE COMEDIES* (1925).

charge of the asylum?" a psychotic speech in the House of Lords, all of which are co-wrote. Screenplay by Peter Barnes, based on his own play. Peter O'Toole, Alastair Sim, Arthur Lowe, Harry Andrews, Coral Browne, Michael Keating. Color.

SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT (88 min.—Cannon—1973). Made as *ZORRA* on Long Island in 1971, this has been re-edited and reworked to such an extent in the re-writing period that it makes little sense in final form, although the plot has some potentially clever angles. Numerous comic types get chopped up by axe-murderer in small N.Y. town that once housed an asylum. Okay madhouse sequence features undergrounders like Gailane and Cindy Darling, otherwise a kooky jumble connected by flashbacks-within-flashbacks, off-on narration by two different characters, during director (Ted Geoghegan). Lead villain James Patterson died soon after filming, making post-production revisions even more difficult (and unimproving). Patrick O'Neal, John Cassin, Walter Abel, Mary McCormack. (Briefly shown as *NIGHT OF THE DARK FULL MOON* in 1972.) Color.

CANNIBAL GIRLS (90 min.—AIP—1972). Sporadically interesting but generally leadsen attempt at specious about Canadian town with taste for human flesh has a few impractical moments, but mostly comes off like amateur night. Reconstructs the old "warning" gimmick from *TERROR IS A MAN* and, later, *CHAMBER OF HORRORS* whereby a beaver sends before the blood flows (okay, we might add, then direct to tell you it's okay to look. You might be well advised to keep your eyes—and ears—covered throughout. Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Bonnie Nichols, Ronald Ulrich, Dr. Ivan Reitman. Color.

THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES (78 min.—Dunaway—1973). Currently being hailed as the breakthrough between art and porno, but don't you believe it. Imagine the hell scenes from *THE DEVIL'S MESSENGER* with hardcore sex added, and you have some idea how cheap, crummy and inept this grade C effort is. The devil gives unattractive spunky virgin Georgina Spilvan one last crack at a Last Weekend before she's consigned for eternity to a bare room with an important creep who won't satisfy her strange desires. Critics who should know better loved this, praising the photography (fuzzy, unimpressive), music (no wonder, since it features Fats Domino's score for *ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST*, taken right off the soundtrack album) and acting (no comment). It's dirty, all right, but we'll wait for Franco Truffaut's or even Roger Vadim's first porno film before we even start talking about porno flicks and art films in the same breath. John Cassin, Harry Reams. Color.

WONDER WOMEN (82 min.—General Film Corp.—1973). Low-grade sci-fi programmer has poor Nancy Kwan in mad doctor transplanting brains of pained, dead female athletes into virile bodies of world athletes, kidnapped by her army of female convicts. Remnant of *MILION EYES OF SHIMURU* but not in good, if you can believe it. Hero Ron Hagen falls into chaotic jumble of scenes by losing her badly-drawn movies practically single-handed. It's cheapo-musko production shot in the Philippines (where else?) has a couple of pseudo-looking routines that run across badly, phony mad-sci tropes, generally crummy acting from Filipino-pe regulars Roberts Collins, Vic Dam, Maria De Aragon and, of course, Sid Hag, the modern Bando Hatter. Dr. Robert O'Neil. Color.

FELLEN'S ROMA (128 min.—UA—1972).

DUMBO (65 min.—Buena Vista—1941). This re-release played to packed houses, and it's great that youngsters—and adults—today can experience theatrically a film made when the Disney organization was flush with success, having just moved to the new Burbank studio and still collecting worldwide loves for *SNOW WHITE*, *MOONSHOD* and *FANTASIA*. But once upon is the "Pink Elephants On Parade" fantasy and animation efforts as one lothens with any more; the smoke from the canon steam engines, for instance, illustrated by the hand below. The four black crown sing "When I Seen an Elephant Fly" and track in Rob Crumb style after the line "Well, I seen a vegetable truck. This moment alone is worth a full admission price" (Especially to fans of "Tales from the Fridge"). Much work on this film was done by late animator Walt Kelly (five years before he created *POGO*) and Woody Barlowe, who is now Disney Corp.'s most important creative figure (who just finished directing *ROBIN HOOD*). Color.



A nightmare by a cinematic. Documentary discoverer into fantasy. The Eternal Cinema. Structure of film divided (at least for review purpose) into sequences: an almost idyllic discovery of old Rome in a subway excavation (inspiration of Buva's *PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES*), a huge ancient circus and Fellen's crew entering Rome in dressing men (apparently reminiscent of *8½*'s opening), motorcycle tour of Rome at night (a la *Cosmo*), and a bizarre occultual fashion show, unlike anything ever filmed, with the concentration of Pope Pius XII, flashing neon robes, skirting cardinals and men modeling the flapping tartanish coat. There's a strong



THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (left to right—Stella Stevens, Ernest Borgnine, Jack Albertson, Shelley Winter, Red Buttons, Carol Lynley and Pamela Sue Martin).

icking in the film that Fellini professes the Rite of his youth and the ancient Rite to the one of today. He sees himself at the age of 18 (played by Peter Gonzales), spending his first evening in Rome, parting a family and neighborhood street feast, dining on snails and pasta as streetcars swirl by. Proving that you can have decay and cut too. Music by Nino Rota. Anna Magnani, Gene Vidal. Color.

WEEKEND (95 mins.—New Yorker Films—1968). Sparsely distributed, now being "rediscovered" and greater than ever. If life is a cabaret, old chaos, it's also one hell of a weekend—a downhill race of blood, violence, rape, corruption, jokes, puns, spicy paint, accidents, speeches, conspiracies, fits, money, comedy and tragedy. Made at fever pitch by Jean-Luc Godard, early in film are two long takes over stalled traffic in obvious reference to famous Laurel and Hardy scene. Instead of L&H, Godard offers reality of a hideous corpse-strewn traffic accident. Suddenly, the camera is free and speeds off to even more bizarre scenes, films and literary allusions (including strange encounter where the film characters meet characters from a novel and debate over who is more "real"). "It is an appalling comedy," said renowned N.Y. Times critic Renata Adler. "It is hard to take. There is nothing like it at all." Released in '68, is only one year there was something like it—Charles Manson, dealing dare buggie death? Color.

SISTERS (93 mins.—AIP—1973). Terrible,

banane plot idea is bungled by undisciplined direction, scripting of Brian DePalma (KURRING). Separated Sistine twin sisters, one good, one bad, involved in gay markets investigated by girl newspaper reporter. Loaded with untapped potential, clear story values are shrouded in favor of sloppy "homages" to Hitchcock, tricky, "arty" cinematography which deadens the suspense. Final portions almost incoherent. Nice performance by Margot Kidder in title role(s), and worth seeing for the superb, atmospheric music score by Bernard Herrmann which, for awhile, makes pic seem better than it is. Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, William Finley, Bernard Hughes. Color.



ON TV

STARLOST (NBC-TV, 60 min. with commercials). Perhaps one of the few shows ever aired when you look forward to the commercials. — So, you want to learn what happened to all (or at least part) of the great staff left over from **SILENT RUNNING**? And, you say you're interested in the aftermath of Kubrick's "Star Child", eh, Beaky, and... what do you think happened to those great ideas from **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, **STAR TREK**, **LOST IN SPACE**, etc., etc.? Well, gang, they're all back in cheap-jack, claustrophobic surroundings. And it's all pretty abominable!





Above: Brits Davis is wowed in **SCREAM, PRETTY FEGGY**. Opposite page: Gossamer in ABC-TV's **Suspense Movie** series for a **Shower** review, the **Tremendously** actualized **DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK**—about creatures underneath a house who close the broadcasts. Below right: **THE ADDAMS FAMILY FUN HOUSE**, an ABC-TV syndicated sub-shot. L. to R.: Shirley Kye (Ursula Foster), Pat McCann (Lurch), Liz Torres (Morticia), David Jack (Pugsley) (Cremor), Nicole Van Deus (Wednesday), Dutch Patner (Pugsley).

If Kate Dallas appeared to have mutated into a Star Child in 2001, apparently he did not stop there but grew a bit older to become STARLOST's star, and someone passed on or told him to grow a Groucho on his nose—but he ain't funny, kids. He's not even interesting. Maybe because it just happens that direction and everything else suck.

Minimally responsible for the few tiny seconds that "look good," Doug Trumbull's availability and efforts are all thrown into the trash can; the "producers" (and sarcasm is necessary here) have surrounded everything with all manner of cheap plastic and plaster-board/plywood (painted idiosyncratically) their notable carpenter and "art" dept could design. This isn't too obvious perhaps on black and white sets, but on color TV it's screaming (not to be confused with Trumbull's excellent continued opticals and effects which, as pointed above, are few and overwinded by the clapping).

While the series' basic premise would have been an excellent idea if developed by an intelligent production staff, it's total treatment is monumentally bungled, perhaps as no series ever before on TV (SF/fantasy or not). It's hard to realize, but this is supposed to be the program's idea: planet Earth died out ages ago, and its varied cultures and flora/fauna survive under token circumstances within scores of separated domes (a la **SILENT RUNNING**) aboard a miles-long spaceship, the Ark. Long ago the Ark was set on a computerized course to look for some other System harbor-

ing an Earth-like world, but you wouldn't know it as each week's "adventures" finds Kat and company touring the ship's labyrinthine sections—otherwise known as **Mad Squad In Outer Space**... except that **Mad Squad** was sometimes good. It's not worth the paper and ink to outline the various stories. The show's a victim of gross incompetence from every angle.

Now, why did it all have to turn out this way? For the answer, let's point out a few remarks made by Hattie Elison, who originally thought up the whole series but is billed as "Cordwainer Bird" to be relieved of any direct blame. According to an interview Elison had with FM station WBAI (N.Y.), the series was originally planned as an 8-part mini-series with 20th Century-Fox and NBC in London. Things quickly began getting out of control, and before long it was sold to CTV (Toronto, Canada), instead of professional SF writers, "they called in a job writer" to oversee all scripting, etc. and hand a production staff "who knew absolutely nothing" about the genre.

Elison says, "Virtually everybody was a ditherhead... everyone had a flapper in the pie." And as more of the went on, "everything started getting wrenched down. Finally, I just walked off the set and ordered that they take my name off, using only my pseudonym, Cordwainer Bird... Every week it gets dumber and dumber... Atrocious stupidity and it is."

Elison revealed that he had written one

of the episodes, but it was rewritten beyond recognition. When the producers realized that there'd be a possible mess, they called on Roddenberry to "save the show," and offered him \$100. He declined, seeing absurd failure up ahead. Elison states that when CTV's staff asked whom could Roddenberry recommend, his answer was, "Hattie Elison was the perfect guy, but you screwed him!"

When he reviewed the U.F.O. space opera series last year, TV Guide's own Cleveland Amory wryly commented: "Have you ever thought, one character also in the premiere episode here, 'about the victims of UFO incidents—these loved ones, brothers, sisters?' Frankly, we never had, but now, having been a victim of this show, we see no reason to confine our thoughts to loved ones, brothers and sisters. There's trouble enough here for total strangers."

Recently, I've gone back to watching UFO in syndication, catching up on the many episodes previously avoided. Next to **STARLOST** the show's a classic. Watch it, Mr. Amory!

—CTH

SCREAM, PRETTY FEGGY (90 min. with commercials—ABC-TV). The author and director of **PSYCHO**, Miam. Robert Bloch and Alfred Hitchcock, could see, not on grounds of plagiarism but for the defilement of a classic. A fine cut, headed by Bette Davis, is absolutely wasted in this stupid and lethargically directed **PSYCHO**-esque. What little Bette does is done from a bad as she plays a consulting nurse to Ted Beaulieu, who, in all fairness, is quite good in spite of the handicapped production and belying all those years spent as cornball comedy foil for Merle Truitt. **THAT GIRL**. Story is about allegedly mad sisters locked up in a separate cottage on the old estate. But as the growing violence is beginning to look like it'll get to be entertaining, it's not a mad woman on the loose—the screw existed except in Ted's head, and until now he's acted fairly normal until he's caught peering on cosmetics and dressed in drag... which is almost enough to bring back to the Queen For A Day. They drag him away while he patters and utters, probably hoping they'll revive **THAT GIRL**.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY FUN HOUSE





WORLD OF DISNEY: Happy Fifty Years (ABC-TV—60 min. with comms). 50th Anniversary collage consisting of short excerpts, beginning with the "Alice in Cartoonland" film (1926) and wrapping up one hour later with a terrific surprise: four minutes from the **JOHN HOOD** feature, since completed and in its release, containing these characters: animation and concept: animals play additional Robin Hood characters, and *Alan-a-dale* narrates the opening as a country blues old-timer. Other excerpts: *Fantasia*, *1000 Leagues Under the Sea*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Pinocchio*, *Lady and the Tramp*, *King of the South*, *Mary Poppins*, *The Mickey Mouse Club*, *Steamboat Willie* and *Snow White*. Catch the re-run of this highly recommended Saturday hour.

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER (90 min. with comms.—Paramount/ABC-TV—1973). Remnant of B-budgets ground out for years back in pre-made-for-TV days, not at all this is any more unique—TV is today's "highbrow" and B-film movie theater. Last plot about Shelley Weinstock heading up a band, Calif. group of devil worshippers. All, forgettable tale, mainly interesting for presence of Weinstock, Joseph Cotton, and... whatever happened to Robert Cornthwaite, the Russ-like Dr. of *THE THING*? He's here in... Now, why is this like old B-movie days? Because Jonathan Find is an unimportant role as "braker" just like the days when Lagan's character began falling

MAD, MAD MONSTERS (60 min. with comms.—ABC-TV). Excellent parody of *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* by Arthur Rankin and Jules Ben. Script by William Keenan (Grand, for Arthur Rankin) and Lou Silverstein his many funny bits. Animation by Steve Nakagawa and Masu Sadoshi looks like somebody said, "Make it look like Paul Cohen." Good caricature of Karloff as Baron Von Frankenstein with accompanying vocal impression. Also featured: the Invisible Man, the Gill Creature (of Black Lagoon fame), Dracula, Kong, and Igor. There's even a hotel clerk based on characters actor Frank Nelson. Story concerns the Baron's plans for a wedding at the Transylvania Asylum. Coming soon from Rankin-Bass: **LORD OF THE RINGS** by J.R.R. Tolkien. But don't hold your breath. As Willy Wood says, "Tolkien should never be animated. It was meant to be read."

GET HAPPY (60 min.—NBC-TV). The songs of Harold Arlen put into a fantasy theme-work opening & low scenes are a rehearsal. Jack Lorenson blacks out and follows a Yellow Brick Road as transmission switches to color. Finally, at the end of the journey, there's Arlen himself, sitting a piano singing his really big one, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," then, back to black. Too much uncertainty and content. We liked the Lennon how on Gershwin with its single set and his him much much better. Now, how "best Regins and Harf?

THE BEST AND THE WORST FILMS OF THE YEAR

The entire CoF staff thought it was going to be one of those easy short-and-sweet conferences to select the Best and Worst of the year. It wasn't! Fortunately, it was on a Saturday night. And after hours of debating and calling out for pizza and coffee twice, dawn was about ready to break, but the decisions were made. All the final ballots were tallied, and the results are below.

THE BEST

THE EXORCIST (dir. William Friedkin).
SOYLENT GREEN (dir. Richard Fleischer).
THE LONG GOODBYE (dir. Robert Altman).
IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT ASTRONAUTS (NBC-TV).
THE BORBORERS (NBC-TV).
SLEEPER (dir. Woody Allen).
FRANKENSTEIN (dir. Jack Smight; NBC-TV).
JONATHAN (dir. Haro Gersondorff).
PRIVATE PARTS (dir. Paul Mazursky).
THE HOMEcoming (dir. Peter Hall).

Honorable Mention

THEATRE OF BLOOD (dir. Douglas Hickox).
OR, Jekyll & Mr. Hyde (NBC-TV).
THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE (John Hough).
PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (ABC-TV).
HEAVY TRAFFIC (dir. Ralph Bakshi).
A COLD NIGHT'S DEATH (ABC-TV).
The LAST OF SHEILA (dir. Herbert Ross).

ROBIN HOOD (dir. Wolfgang Petherman).
BATTLE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES
(dir. J. Lee Thompson).
WESTWORLD (dir. Michael Crichton).

WORST

LOST HORIZON
SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN (TV)
STICKS AND BONES (TV)
THE CLONE
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT



SFantaFILM NEWS

Diplomat Pictures is releasing a horror
sater, **THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON**,
about a reporter on assignment in Budapest
who's bitten by a werewolf and later returns
to Washington and it becomes press aid to the
President. As the plot thickens, he bites and
kills several people on the President's list of
"enemies." It stars Dean (Dorothy Dorn)
Stockwell, Jeff McGraw, the late Michael
Doran, and is directed by Milton M. Can-
berg.

Shooting now completed on Herman (How
to Make a Monster, Black Museum, Black Zoo,
Toog) Cohen's latest, **CRAZE**, starring Jack
Palace as an on-screen madman with Diana
Dorn, Julie Ege, Edith Evans, Hugh Griffith
and Trevor Howard. Freddie Francis (Dr. Ter-
ror's House of Horror, Evil of Frankenstein,
Tales from the Crypt) directed from a screen-
play by Abel Kandel and Herman Cohen.
CRAZE marks at least Palace's 4th venture
into the genre, having appeared with Peter
Cushing in *Torment Garden*, as Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde in the 1966 ABC-TV special, and in
the title role as Don Curtis' recently comple-
ted 2-hour CBS-TV version of **DRACULA**.

HARRYHAUSEN Dept.

Ray Harryhausen's latest special effects
treat (and first film after nearly four years),
THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, is
now all set for mid- to late February release,
after several technical problems yanked it
off its originally scheduled Xmas-time debut.
Other areas of the country won't be playing
it until March film sessions in spring. Col-
umbia Pictures will give it the greatest amount
of promotion any Harryhausen film has received
since **THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD**. As part
of the promotional package, Ray Harry-
hausen and producer Charles Schneer are
scheduled to tour the country, as if you live
in a large metropolitan area be sure and
check your local newspaper for their specific
appearances. To date, there is no definite
decision whether Mitzi Rosta's score will be
released as a soundtrack album. As most
SFantaFilm fans will recall, Rosta was also
responsible for the now-classic score for the
1939 **The Thief of Baghdad**. Filming for
GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD took place
mainly in Spain, utilizing Harryhausen's new
special effects process, *Dynamara*.

Isaac Asimov's novel, **THE CAVES OF
STEEL**, has been purchased by Columbia
Pictures for filming by producer Gerald
Aynes. First published in 1954, the novel is
the story of a New York detective and his

CoF's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction motion pictures. . here and abroad

robot partner investigating a murder. Colum-
bia says that it will be the first of "the many
Asimov books ever to be filmed."

Comedic genius Mel Brooks, who recent-
ly completed directing **BLACK BART**, will
soon finish directing a horror spoof for 1978
Century. The film, **YOUNG FRANKEN-
STEIN** (from a Gene Wilder script) stars
Peter Boyle as the Monster, Marty Feldman
as "Iggy," with Wilder in the title role.

Amicus Productions' **THE
BEAST MUST DIE**, nearing completion. . .
Title Change: **Jack The Ripper Goes West**
(starring Jack Palance) is now **A KNIFE FOR
THE LADIES**. . . Amicus' **Taken From Be-
yond the Grave** has been altered to **FROM
BEYOND THE GRAVE**.

George Lucas, director of **THX-1138** as a
graduate film student, will be investing much
of the profits from his first "recognized"
film, **AMERICAN GRAFFITI** (a tremendous
critical and financial success), into his next
project, as is yet untitled space epic. . .

the country, portions of it are also devoted
to amateur and semi-pro SF/fantasy films and
filmmakers. Sample copy is \$1, no CINEMA-
GIC, P.O. Box 125, Perry Hall, Md. 21128.

Latest word on Prentice Hall's **THE
KING KONG BOOK** is that it's been post-
poned indefinitely (as also this issue's *Let-
ter col*) for more on the related prob-
lem. It seems that RKO was demanding too
much money for the use of their King Kong.
RKO seems very protective of its star grol-
le and even demanded (and received) \$550
per frame blow-up for each of the "em-
sored" scenes used in the Sept. 1971 issue of
Esquire magazine. Authors Harry Gold
and Ronald Guttman are considering ne-
gotiations with another publisher.

Made over two years ago, the long de-
layed and now-adapted of "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde," entitled **J. MONSTER**, is
now in general, though still sporadic, release
around the U.S. It was produced by An-
derson, directed by Stephen Weeks, and stars
Chris Lee as the good Dr. J. & McIl, with
Peter Cushing and Michael Raven.

What ever happened to **BLACKENSTEIN**
and other similar projects? Inside info, direct
to the CoF hot-line, reports that Hollywood
is more excited about kung fu films these days
and that they're bigger money-makers, with
even greater appeal to black and non-black
audiences. Also, many black-oriented films
haven't been doing well lately. Many blacks
were starting to desert, with good reason,
images of themselves as underachievers, crim-
inals, etc. Word passed on by all leading and
responsible black organizations was to "Boy-
cott" such movies. Apparently it has worked,
while films like **SOUNDER** and **LADY SINGS
THE BLUES** will be the future trend.

Already more than 35 kung fu have been
distributed to theaters, with *Sfanta* (15) new
releases now out and due shortly. . . . Ian Can-
non's novel, "The Lost Ones," has turned
into Walt Disney Production's most expen-
sive film, titled for release as **ISLAND AT
THE TOP OF THE WORLD**, its cost may be
even more than \$8 million by the time
it goes into theatres.

Curtis Harrington, director of that
great little classic *Night Tide*, and the un-
forgettable *What's the Matter With Helen?*
(not to mention *Who Killed Auntie Ruth?*),
has completed **THE KILLING KIND**, a truly
wild ride starring Ann Sothern and John
Savage.

Fate of Caroline Munro, this issue's CoF
Sky-male and starring in **GOLDEN VOYAGE
OF SINBAD**, can soon even start of this
sensational beauty in Hammer's **KRONOS**.
The film sounds highly intriguing—(it's about
Captain Kronos, former soldier of fortune,
who is dedicated to destroy evil-demons and
finds eventually his work out for him on
discovering a vampire cult in the back coun-
try of late-18th century Germany. Produced
by Brian Clemens and Albert Fennell (and
scripted and directed by Clemens), it's espe-
cially worthy of attention—in case you for-
got, both men were responsible for the as-
sembled **THE AVENGERS** on TV.

Vampire bats spook Jackie Cooper, Alex
Cord, Richard Jackson, etc. in weird Mexican
cores, the locale for **CHOSEN SURVIVORS**



Vincent Price makes a guest appearance on
Helen Hayes' new TV series **THE SNOOP
SISTERS**. More than 35 years ago, Price got
his acting break appearing opposite Miss
Hayes in *Victoria Regina* on the London
stage, before the play moved with its stars
to equally brilliant success in New York the
following season.

A rumor picked up recently has it that
Blackcock's **PSYCHO** was originally filmed
in color!! As the story goes, an advance
screening of the film to the public proved so
terrifying that the powers-that-be decided
to release it in black & white. Allegedly,
Hitch has been asked whether the film was
shot in color when granting interviews, but
has always avoided comment, probably be-
cause he has accepted praise all those years
for shooting it in black & white. Anyone
who knows more about this or can confirm
this rumor is urged to write to me: George
Storer, Box 10065, Baltimore, Md. 21206,
so that we may try and unearth the truth on
this matter.

Of special interest to all Amateur Film
Makers.

If your film contains special effects, such
as stop motion photography, or utilizes un-
usual make-up techniques, then get it touch
with CINEMAGIC magazine. Each issue of
this periodical features a column on Amateur
movie making activity taking place around

... Planned for release by renowned Z-budget filmmaker Ted V. Mikels (*The Astro-Zombies*, *The Undertaker* and *His Peko*). **AFTER SHOCK**—and we pray it's not after-shock that sets in after viewing the film. Story's set in the year 2000 when the world's rocked by earthquakes, leading to strange discoveries along California's isolated coastline. Sounds like an upturn in Mikels' career.

SUMMERTIME KILLER (starring Olivia Hussey, Karl Malden). **THE MUMMY'S REVENGE**, **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** (loosely based on the Verne novel and ideas from H.G. Wells, starring Omar Sharif), and **ROOBY CEREMONY** are some new offerings coming from Cinepana, a new Spanish production organization.

WELCOME TO ARROW BEACH, directed by the late Laurence Harvey, still appears to be in distribution limbo. It was filmed in Santa Barbara, Calif., area, starring Mi and Mrs. Susan Davis Jr. The action's full of suspenseful growl about bodies stored on ice and cannibals.

ABC TV will continue leading next season with made-for-TV horror-suspense, including its new line-up. **SATAN'S CHOOL FOR GIRLS**, **DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK**, and **DYING ROOM ONLY**.

Serious, fantasy and sci-fi are detailed in director Robert "Triber" Furst's nearly-finished **THE FINAL PROGRAMME**, based on a novel by noted SF writer author Michael Moorcock, and will star Jon Finch and Jenny Runacre.

And Others, Such as . . .

DEATHLINE (which wowed audiences and publishers in England's 3rd greatest box-office grosser last year), stars David Prowse, with Chris Lee. It's a slick black comedy about a plague-carrying lunatic, rats, etc.

Mardian youngsters make trouble and have a deal with the Devil to help them kill off grown-ups and take over the world in **THE WEDNESDAY CHILDREN**. . . A documentary exposing fraudulent and revealing honest occult practices, titled **VOODOO**, coming from Cinema One.

FLUMED SERPENT, scripted by Nigel Kneale (who created all of the "Quatermass" series, e.g. *The Creeping Unknown*, *5 Million Years to Earth*). . . **DOCTOR DEATH**, starring Robert "Yorgo" Quarry, Peter Cushing and Vincent Price based on Angus Hall's novel, "Devil Day". Film title may also be changed to **THE REVENGE OF DOCTOR DEATH**. . . From Lantz International, **LISA AND THE DEVIL**, starring Lucienne Blier, Suzanne, Alida Vaili, Telly "Hefoid" Swales and Sylvia Koscina. . . **HOUSE ON SKULL MOUNTAIN**, created by, of all things, Chocolate Chip Food, and marches in front location in Atlanta, Ga. . . From Spine: **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SOLANGE** and **ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS**. . . And Ross "Wild, Wild West" Martin is the Devil who shanks a group of adults down to kidnap in **THE WORLD THROUGH THE EYES OF CHILDREN**, starring Dan Dailey, Nancy Kulp and Renee Rodgers.

And one other ABC-TV entry to watch next season, **ISN'T IT SHOCKING**, about a rude sheriff who investigates the unsavory macabre events in a number of awful deaths.

— George Stover and Bruce Gantner



BOOKS And MAGS OF INTEREST

"The Normal Lovecraft" (\$7.50 in heavy paper binding; \$12.00, special bound edition).

"The Fire-Ford and the Raven" (\$7.50 in heavy paper), by Charles Gardner & E. J. Pos.

"Golgotha: A Phantom" (\$2.00 in heavy paper), by Charles D. Gardner.

"Gothiques and Fantasies" (\$7.50 in heavy paper), by C.A. Smith.

Available from: Gerry de la Rue, T Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, N.J. 07438.

Anyone interested in collector's items should grab on to the above limited editions (average price run: 450 to 600 copies). All are heavily decorated and illustrated by Virgil Finlay and other fine artists. But, what all have in common is the unique **NORMAL LOVECRAFT** is all about the human, personal side of the noted SF writer, including personal reminiscences and revelations by Wilfred B. Tatum, one of the few remaining survivors of the original "Lovecraft Circle" and close friend of HPL. L. Sprague de Camp adds his own memories and special Lovecraftisms. The book concludes with "united" extracts from letters by Sonia Greene, HPL's wife. It's a beautiful trip through rare and exotic nostalgia, and a "must" for collectors and scholars.



Equally important to fan and scholar alike is Gardner's **FIRE-FIELD AND THE RAVEN**, containing Poe's famed poem (for comparative reasons), but mostly all about Gardner who, in the late 1850's, perpetrated one of history's greatest literary hoaxes by passing off and publishing a "lost Poe" everyone believed in. Except — it was by Gardner, included in a facsimile of the book's entire history (first printed in 1964) which contains thousands of words detailing everything and furnishing valuable information about Poe and the world he lived in. And, of course, the hoax ran its course.

GOLGOTHA, also by Gardner, is a fitting companion to the above (illustrated by Finlay and others). This hitherto unknown poet's talented obscures over Poe is pleasantly apparent.

Of all the early pulp SF fantasies, perhaps only Clark Ashton Smith, and one or two others, are permitted to stand in the same pantheon dominated by HPL. But few seem to know of this master's pen and ink talent. In this first collection of CAS' art, **GROTESQUES & FANTASTICS** includes 48 rare, weird drawings and 16 previously unpublished poems. Also contained is an informative tribute to CAS by editor-quirkster de la Rue, with many extracts from CAS' personal correspondence.

Gerry de la Rue, by the way, happens to be one of the world's most noted, and dedicated, SF/fantasy collectors and a highly respected dealer. Other unusual rarities will be forthcoming

from him, including (by the time this appears) **Klarkash-on & Moonlight Lugs** (\$4), a collection of more unpublished CAS and some Finlay material.

"The Crystal Man", by Edward Page Mitchell (Doubleday, \$7.95). Edited and collected by Sam Moskowitz.

WEIRD TALES' editor, Sam Moskowitz (see CoF no. 20 for detailed review), is without doubt among the very few outstanding SF/fantasy antiquaries, scholar-historians of our time. Weeding through ancient old newspaper files, he was able to discover over 100 previously published (or so he book fairs) stories by an unacknowledged and unknown master of the genre, Edward Page Mitchell. Editor Sam's scholarship is especially amazing since Mitchell's stories appeared anonymously, written mostly in the 1870's and early 1880's during his more than 30-year tenure as editor under Charles A. Dana and Francis A. Mearns's New York daily, "The Sun." Apart from several fine weird-horror tales, the stories provide perhaps the world's most important link to modern science fiction and, thus, make this one of most invaluable and unmentioned books ever to appear in the genre!

Containing 30 short stories and novellas, Sam's 30-page introductory essay alone is worth the price, telling all about Mitchell's career, and some juicy, colorful insight into the publishing world of that day, plus fascinating cross-references and information pertaining to 19th century SF/fantasy activity.

And why was Mitchell so important? Because he appears to have been "first" with practically every major sci-fi concept which was regarded as "modern" only in the last 25 odd years. Mitchell is, on the last page of Sam's brilliant intro, smart.

"The Missing Link" in the history of American science fiction (not last) . . . has been discovered . . . possibly a major influence on H.G. Wells, whom he anticipated."

Sam indicates that Mitchell's "first" tale is: . . . "The earliest known story utilizing a theory suitable for faster-than-light travel, in 1874. . . a new machine story in 1881, seven years before H.G. Wells (wrote his) in 1888. . . (about) a neo-electronic thinking computer function in a human head . . . in 1879. There is no previous story on record of the creation of an invisible man through scientific means than (Mitchell's) in 1881," seven years before Wells! In 1885 he was probably the first author to employ the story idea of a child born a mental mutant, capable of instinctively inventing a new device to order."

Mitchell's other "firsts" are positively amazing, in view of how "young" sci-fi is considered to be. But history firsts may not be very compelling if the writer is a bore. Mitchell definitely is a pleasure to read and, in Sam puts it, "The man was a stylist and had a delightful sense of humor."

If Mitchell remained to this day to totally undercovered, how, then, could his anonymously printed tales influence so many? As Sam points out the answer, unadmitted plagiarism was possible at that time since there were no international copyright laws; and, "The Sun" had the largest international circulation, thus read more widely than any newspaper in the entire world.

All of the foregoing information about Mitchell and his true career does not a small portion of Sam's first two pages of introduction. You'll have to buy the book to find out more—much more than \$7.95 can get you nearly anywhere today.

The Crystal Man is a definite milestone and has to be one of the most important SF/fantasy achievements ever to appear between hard covers. It will be a long time before another book of this caliber arrives—and, indeed, it will be amusing when it does happen.

"Brews Of The Cat" (Tapiage, \$6.50, edited by Michel Perry).

One old Coleridge and contributor of many fine articles to our pages in the past, Mike Perry, has been busily involved in British folk tradition, awards, original short story collections of his own, and several anthologies for the last few years. A few of them are starting to appear in U.S. editions, and this one again will if all future Perry collections maintain the same distinctive style and quality. Of course, it's all about one feline creature in fact and fiction. Best about it is that virtually all of the contents consist of highly rare, unfamiliar selections, beginning with a lost second act like written over 400 years ago and "The Vampire Cat," among several pieces personally discovered and translated by Perry. Besides an illuminating introduction, Perry's dedication is evident throughout with important background notes prefacing each entry. A fine, recommended addition for even the most discriminating collector.

"Andréols, Time Machine and Blue Grotto" (Pollock Pub. Co., \$6.95), compiled by Vic Ghidula, with Roger Driedo.

Editor Vic Ghidula has been associated with many of the better paperback anthologies for a number of years, but this very attractive hardcover collection may be his best to date. For, inside one book is a fictional genre of some of SF's greatest writers.

Robots, Mantroules, Moebius, Mutants, Time Travel, Space travel.

For newcomers to SFantasy, this is one of the nearest, pleasantest ways of catching the truth; for veteran readers, while a few stories may be old familiar friends, it's the handier means of getting a good bird's-eye view of the genre's structural development to be published in some time. Each category covers exactly four different stories, ranging all the way from old masters like de Masspaign, Verne, Wells, and Wells, to authors like C. J. C. Clark, A. Hugo, and Arthur C. Clarke. A huge craft, and this material never has been anthologized before, and especially intriguing are such gems as H.G. Wells' "Chrono Anagorath," originally published in 1888 (and referred by Sam Moskowitz in "The Crystal Man"), later altered and expanded into "The Time Machine."

A delightful book.

"The Frankenstein Legend" (\$10.00, from Scamcrow Press, 52 Liberty St., P.O. Box 656, Metuchen, N.J. 08852), by Don Glat.

Don Glat's name has been a household word in SFantasy pro-and-fan circles for a very long time. If you ask what house? The answer is now obvious: the House of Frankenstein, of course. Because... here is one hefty book about everything and anything you ever wanted to know about Frankenstein, from an ancient on-again off-again tale to Mary Shelley's circle of literary giants who wrote her friends) to the film, TV programs, comics and numerous other enterprises devoted to the famous Doctor-Monster down thru the ages. The degree of work and research that Glat presents is genuinely staggering, the labor it involved must have been staggering. With all its scholarly profundity, it avoids the tedium of biographical preface to the fact that has named the pleasure of reading most historical works. In short, it's a grand "fun" book one can enjoy and learn from at the same time. Besides many fascinating photos and illustrations, there's an excellent index covering hundreds of items, very detailed and readable bibliography (with excellent cross-references), and... a lovely, touching introduction by Perry Ackerman, written from "Karl's" form, naturally.

In Search of VON DUNKEN

"Gods From Outer Space" (Bantam, 1972; \$1.25), by Erich Von Däniken.

In this follow-up to "Chariots of the Gods,"

Von Däniken offers even more evidence of extraterrestrial visitors to Earth: photographs and drawings of the giant stilted pyramids on the Nazca Plains of Peru, the Easter Island monoliths, the eight-ton stone balls found in the middle of the Costa Rican jungle, the interlocking 225 smoothly cut volcanic stone blocks on Chile's El Estrellado plateau, accessible only on horseback, a translation from the Cebolla (written around 1200 A.D.) describing life on other planets, and an astonishing story of buried extraterrestrial discovered in 1932 in the Siro-Tiwanan border district, a story taken up by archaeologists and anthropologists anxious to protect their reputations. Most astounding is Von Däniken's interpretation of the Bible: a guidebook of behavior and genetic control left to us by our alien ancestors (for instance, see Leviticus 18: 4-12 for a detailed description of desecrating procedures still used today).

Most Däniken has a great scientific imagination, especially when he speculates that mankind may have been genetically programmed, that we may even have been "designed" programmed. If he's right, then possibly this is the answer to the phenomena of "synchronicity" which baffled Jung. Shave this book alongside Arthur C. Clarke's "Profiles of the Future."

"Chariots of the Gods" (Bantam, 1971; \$1.25), by Erich Von Däniken.

Von Däniken's first book introduces a number of topics covered more vividly and in greater detail in "Gods From Outer Space," plus Biblical interpretations, archaeological puzzles, the discovery of an ancient electronic battery, an astronomical calculating machine from the year 82 B.C., and the Mayan observatory at Chichen Itza. The book ends with a tour of NASA and a plea for more funding for space research.

Most amazing is Von Däniken's lack of research, completely ignoring such things as H. J. Muller's claim that he actually saw a "radioactive pump" and an "atomic battery." No mention of the Bearded White Man of Titicaca Island (in Lake Titicaca near Tahuatenco) who roamed thru South American spreading culture long before the Spaniards. Native legends, even today, credit these men as the creators of the mummies.

No mention, also, of the evidence in Immanuel Velikovsky's "Earth in Upheaval" that Tahuatenco was once 12,500 feet lower than it is today. No mention of a story told by one of the earliest Europeans to visit Tahuatenco, Oetz de Leon, who chronicled native stories during the Spanish Conquest: "I took the natives, in the presence of Juan Vargas who is the one holding authority over them if these buildings have been constructed at the time of the Incas. They laugh at such questions, affirming what had already been stated, that they had been made long before they ruled, but that they could not state or affirm who made them, but that they had heard from their forebears that what is seen now was made in one night." No mention of a belief in some quarter that the huge trilobite at the Bay of Pisco was a primitive form of ichthyosaur. Surely these things are relevant.

"Crash Go The Chariots" (Lancet, 1973; \$1.25), by Clifford Smith, M.A., B.D., Ph.D.

Reprint of a 1972 Australian book offering a challenge to Von Däniken's theories by an archaeologist and Biblical scholar. Dr. Wilson does a good job of demolishing Von Däniken, pointing out poor writing, discrepancies, sloppy research, etc. (For instance, answering Von Däniken's question, "What time did the sun turn it upside down?"—referring to the monolithic block at Saquisilvan in Peru—Wilson replies simply, "an earth quake.") The book succeeds in making Von Däniken look like a wild-eyed fanatic. But—several facts remain:

(1) Use of Scientific Method, as proposed by Wilson, would have kept Von Däniken from ever writing his speculative books. Von Dän-

iken's approach is not that dissimilar from the stance taken by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier in their memorable "Morning of the Magicians." (2) Von Däniken's criticisms of archaeologists and anthropologists are unfounded; they offer either no theories or conflicting theories, but accept their heads off when imagination triumphs like Velikovsky or Von Däniken dare to intrude into the territory. (3) So-called "evidenced" and "colored" men of religion are responsible for the destruction of important key monuments, tablets, drawings, mummies in South America, Easter Island and Africa. These acts are indicative of a way of thinking that persists today. (4) Wilson uses the writings of Otto Heydreich to infer many of Von Däniken's theories. But, both Heydreich and Von Däniken should be credited with the following: they understood that so-called "primitive" myths and legends are descriptions of literal true nature (not supernatural) phenomena which once actually happened in a very distinct reality. Chronologies of legends, like D.G. Munro, author of the 1932 "Ancient History Myth," and Biblical scholars are usually blind to the simple truth. (5) "What an imagination he has!" cynically says Wilson of Von Däniken. It is to his credit, we say.



THE FILM JOURNAL (No. 95/97, 8 issues, U.S. Canada, quarterly, Box 5602, Helix College, Virginia 24420).

In less than a year and a half, FJ has joined such other sources of the best serious film publications, such as Films in Review, Film Comment, and Film Quarterly... except for a slight difference: FJ seems to enjoy doing its thing with more "staid" enthusiasm without sacrificing readability, but does cover a variety of topics, ranging from "Firm" films to the films of King Vidor, Manuel Form, a whole issue on G.W. Grahame-Smith, an issue on film sexuality. However, the current 95th issue (in our opinion) includes, all about America, the last best included are several excellent analyses about horror film thru the ages (Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde). An interview with Roscoe "Madhouse" analyses of Karl Kraus' "Hysteria Classic." THE MUMMY'S of Lugosi's THE RAVEN, by Lugosi's authority Arthur Lovejoy. Plus other good features, running, all 95th, 96th, with great photos on A-1 glossy paper, highly recommended.

VERTEX (\$9.95/6 issues, phone 805/860 Metairie Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 90045).

It may not sound it, but VERTEX is a pretty map and according to our desk-top dictionary, the title word is defined as "the right point of action."... Probably the Deal Set or Deal Valley? Simply "dealt" is quite dreadful, despite its glossy, expensive appearance (and price of \$9.95 an issue) and handsome cover. Contents, though, are dealt and mostly with the first 12-odd issues of "dealing" (including all advertisements in the current, most pediatric style since we attended Prof. Zilberstein's lecture on "the life of the Golem Desert." There's also a "science week" section with a lot of newspaper items (mostly old) and a 5-page on "the life of the Golem Desert," etc. etc. This "Dealt" will take Space Society any day—indeed someone starts publishing it. One good feature, though an article on Auker medicine is excellent.

In Brief:

JOURNAL OF POPULAR FILM (\$1.25—4 issues \$4.00 quarterly, Editors, University Hall 121, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403).

These issues, this one, too, has attained an interesting niche with the better film journals. Full review on this interesting publication in the next issue of CoF.





(Continued from page 5)

then, I'd already seen the film months earlier. Why aren't there interviews with Cushing, Price, even Gurney, Lee—CHRIS LEE? (Unlike one of last year's readers, I know that I'm in love with him, and more is possible, appreciations—Boris Karloff will be dead five years in February, and a memorial would be most fitting.)

I am in complete agreement with your editorial on censorship of horror films. I further agree that Clio is the worst offender. After witnessing the wholesale butchering of DRACULA, RHINO, OF DARKNESS, I did write an angry letter to the local station voicing that unless the wartime censorship ended, I'd spend my time with Lovecraft, Poe or Stoker, or, if I needed beyond endurance, with Johnny Carson. If all I wanted to see were explained double-takes like those motivationless sequences in what were once classic AIP and Hammer films—before being hacked to death. I really don't know how much good my letter to the station did. I received a reply, a form letter, thanking me for my comments and promising to consider them in the future. But when one letter failed, perhaps hundreds will triumph as everyone should write by all means.

Keep up the good work—perhaps a bit more often and regularly, but keep it up! Mr. Arlene Butts, 3811 Main St., Stratford, Connecticut.

I edit you, Arlene, for your anti-censorship bias. But your remarks on CoF made me go below to my dungeons and send a couple thousand extra volts into the Monitor to make him stronger. Perhaps CoF hasn't had every interview with the Hare recently, but what about the one with Douglas Fairbank and our two-part fight with Harryhausen in nos. 18 and 19? And Don Siegel in this issue?

Without such men would SFactivity flounder and actors lie? As for anonymity dated reviews, only newspapers or websites come out about the time of new releases, it's virtually impossible even for monthlies. But many "new" films that may, for example, appear in one section of the country are still current even three to six months later—except for top exploitation blockbusters like POSSEIDON ADVENTURE. Most new films are only released regionally in roadshow fashion. Once a film plays out in a certain area, it moves on to another region. Often this is deliberate—most companies won't strike up more than 50 to 150 copies (sometimes as few as 20 or 30) to test its boxoffice power. If a film does unusually well in all bookings, or gets additional exploitation money, then they'll print up 500 to 1500 copies and advertise the whole country. But in today's anti-quail market, there are no foul and

straight rules, and popular films may play for six months or more in scattered runs, such as WESTWORLD. If first opened around early September on the West Coast and several Midwest areas, and only began appearing in the NYC area in late November, and will still be in first runs another two months, before it begins playing out in late winter and early spring (not counting 2nd, 3rd run and renewed bookings). Today such a situation is almost the rule for a good majority of releases. Others, unfortunately, seem to disappear overnight, only to appear three days within 8 to 16 months later, censored and reworked for TV.

And because most films eventually will appear on TV, that's what makes CoF reviews eternally timely, apart from being more or less jagers (for those who've seen a film and wish to reminisce). CoF reviews, too, and also intended to explore certain conspicuous fears that may have been minimized, ignored or overlooked by many of the so-called Establishment "critics"... and also comfort winners A to Z and are good for your health.

TV Censorship is more undid than it seems on the surface. Less than two years ago that roll back before Watergate hearings! Sen. Sam Erwin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights awarded the following facts on TV Censorship, prepared by a division of the Writers Guild of America (WGA):

"86% of Guild members know that censorship on TV exists from personal experience. . . . Many have never written a (TV) script, no matter how innocent, that hasn't been censored."

81% believe that TV is presenting a distorted picture of what is happening to this country—politically, economically and racially. We are terrified because 75 million people are being fed programs daily with so much violence to racism—someone whose only purpose is to tell snake-oil, lies and undermine democracy.

"... The writer has no freedom to deviate from the official line in any TV series. Take the medical shows at a group, MANKUS REPLY, MEDICAL CENTER, etc. Anybody watching these programs must of necessity believe the following about America medicine:

"No patient is ever denied a hospital bed or required to wait until care is available. No doctor ever kills a patient, no one ever has to go on charity or do without care. About every doctor cares about every patient—it's only the patient who has. Occasionally someone dies, but not out of the medical profession's inability to cure him."

The Guild's report to Ervin's Senate Sub-

committee also qualified the emphasis as well as misrepresentation of nearly all programs (including THE F.B.I. (judging TV for not only failing miserably to achieve higher standards of excellence but for not including "... art or music or literature in its gaudy chase after what it considers entertainment").

The Report finally concluded with "We'd disagree with a second that American television supports CIVILIZATION. THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII and THE PURSYTHE SAGA, while it exports THE BEVERLY HILLSBILLIES, GREEN ACRES and GULLIGAN'S ISLAND."

There's no doubt that the TV industry has grown into a greedy monster. It's now one of the nation's wealthiest industries, but its personnel are notoriously underpaid but, in many instances, terribly overworked. And its main concern is not in quality programming but the above Report states: but in selling commercial time—from 11 to 24 minutes per hour in most instances!

No sooner said than done. An interview with Peter Cushing is already in our hands and should appear in the next or at the latest, the 22nd edition of CoF. How's that for service?—CTB

PAGING SERGIO

Dear Col
"Serio"—serio we have another Lester Bouillon in Sergio Fernandez. I don't want to intrude on his right to be offending, but (aka, there's gotta be better ways to get off-handed. I mean, the human body isn't supposed to offend people unless you're an alien, in which case you'd either laugh your brains off or throw up at the sight of the human body.

I see no reason why you can't cover comics, film, books and TV tentacle, especially since you'll be coming out more frequently (I hope). And there's no reason why you or someone else can't cut this. Tim, P.F., Superman and Shazam to ribbon, and all the other comics fan, unbridled readers.

As for Lake Gape—I can't see how a violent black man who is a mandatory casualty a semi-supervillain (at least with his always-on) can be very complimentary to anybody. It's like the old Paleolithic concept, the "good" necessarily will accept only "just" causes. Even in an unsavory medium like comics, it just doesn't work. Perhaps a detective would have been better.

Now a little something for the CoF readers' gallery. I'm very interested in contacting fellow SF/fantasy fans. My own personal interests include writing, collecting and watching the genre.

Genet Housner, 25-23 48th St., Long Island City, New York 11103.

—*Disparagingly busy as conditions are in the Comics field, they overlap importantly upon SF activity/imagination. So, The Comics Council is now restored to CoF. As we're now doing our damndest to appear more frequently, other features, departments and improvements will be evident—clear across the board.—CTB*

FILMIC EXISTENTIALISM

Dear Cal:
I recently saw a movie called *RAW MEAT* with Edward G. Robinson and Clete Lee, and it surely has to be a record of some kind. Please write a more repulsive, sick, mad, degenerate, decadent, repulsive (etc.) review in my file.

I love it.
If you haven't picked up on this little gem yet, I advise you to do so. You may just throw up all over the person sitting in front of you. How about it, CTB—let's have a full-length article on this epic, and on its true star, Hugh Armstrong, who is excellent as the ghost.
Jack Guzman, 1540 Bismark Blvd., Mississauga, Ont., Canada.

—*Sounds a lot like THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT—except it had lots more meat, super-market philosophy and nothing else. Meow, meow for the movie culture fix. Jack CoF's pastiche will undoubtedly fall over each other dishing out to me it.—CTB*

G & A

Dear Cal:
In CoF no. 20 you featured a story as *GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE*. What I'd like to know is if that film was supposed to be on television or in theaters and drive-ins?

Your mag is great! Really great!
M.M., 2503 Melford Dr., Toledo, D. 43614

—*Actually, GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE as far as I've only appeared on radio. Well, what sort of answer does anyone using only their mouth expect? Seriously, though—the film has only lately begun a series of engagements in a few areas. Keep your eyes peeled for newspaper ads and announcements. Or you can wait in the White House—they know more about horror than anyone else. Don't be disappointed if they prefer not to answer.—CTB*

THE BEST

Dear Cal:
This is my final letter to CoF, and I'd like you to know that I consider it to be the best in the field. The entire mag has a glossy "top look," more like Playboy or Time than one of the so-called "horror" books I hate the term myself).

I most emphatically agree that you should discuss world events—"horror" commentary—as one of your readers comprehensively described it. After all, we're all in the same boat, and only the most unending or stupid could be satisfied to ignore what's ailing the world from—also the Watergate Trials certainly rated as the greatest horror show on the air.

I know that you and your staff might be interested in the attached Page that appeared recently. (Place
Peter Cravens, 515 E. Price Street, London, N.J. 07036.

—*All of us also mourn the untimely death of the marvelous and great Billy Kelly, who passed away last October, aged 60. Kelly's Page was a joyful mirror of establishment corruption and hypocrisy, and awfully terrified when you took and set his Kelly Nix on or Archie Bunker. Did you know that while Steve Agnew was still riding high as V.P., and Kelly passed him in as one of the principal Page characters (I think that was about two years ago), horror papers were afraid of White House censure and actually censored the strip entirely where the Agnew-like character appeared? Times have changed, haven't they—except that things seem to be also getting worse!—CTB*



"GIVE ME 20 BUCKS WORTH OF DIMES! AND—HURRY!"

BLACK MAGIC INFO

Dear CoF:
I'm wondering if you could provide me with some information on the practice of black magic. I've looked for books but couldn't seem to find them. I hope you can assist me.
Tony Saurah, 8920 E. Kaslois, Oak Lawn, IL 60452.

—*Many courses regurgitating info from us about sources for the study of Black Magic and the Occult (as if we haven't enough on our hands keeping up with our regular departments). So, for the moment, as lieu of a practicing resident CoF worker, let me refer you to:
Samuel Weiser, 734 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003*

Besides being in business more than 40 years, he has one of the world's largest selections of books in the genre. His mail store is open until 8:30 daily (except Sat.), or he'll mail a catalog upon request. Free of charge. (See Sat. he closes 3 pm sharp)

COMICS ON PARADE

Dear Cal:
It's rather ironic that I turned on to CoF with issue no. 12 because of the Stan Lee interview, and now this comic book anniversary is almost gone. What puzzles me is that you don't seem to realize that comic books of the 1966-67 season (when CoF first began reviewing and praising them so highly) weren't all that good. Yes, there was Star Trek, and yes Lee and Kirby were great, etc. But it is highly subjective to assert that stories and formats were better then than now. Also, the Code was being more strictly applied back then. Many, many new writers and artists have since come to the surface, some from fandom, but the people behind the comics are the same men who were around in CoF no. 12 days, although some have shifted positions. The argument that "comic book publishers are stultified and set in their ways" was even true (with some exceptions) in that period.

But if you, like a few others, are waiting for color "establishment" comics to die, and if you think better work is being done by "underground" comics and the future is in them, why not convert CoF's critics reviews to caricatures on them?

The *Headcrater Man* of *Newswatch* (not itself) was responsible for a unique experience, I think: I saw the film over an Alabama station while living in northwest Florida and going to college. There is a scene, you will recall, where the hero is about to take photos of the heroine, just before the headcrater man is about to take one of them away. Most TV versions cut that out when the photos are about to be taken, to where she's putting on her clothes and the headcrater man is arriving. Well, this version was unexpurgated: there were at least three seconds or more of full frontal nudity!

Now that is itself was unique, but here's the kicker: the film shows a not late at night but early Sunday afternoon!

P.S.—I trust Robert Schaeffer has forgiven CBS now that they've shown "Strata and Bones."
A. Wayne Sedler, 332 East Adams St., Jacksonville, Fla. 32202.

—*Now that they've helped enlighten mankind with the latest revelation in horror movie scenes, let's descend to other dimensions—the comics*

If you examine CoF no. 12's special *Comic Book Council* section—doing it with care—you'll note that of the 58 comics that were rated by ten different reviewers, more than 300 didn't receive very favorable ratings, and not all of those ratings were outrageous about every title. Those that got the highest possible rating (3 to 4 stars) by a majority of the judges numbered less than 7 (seven) titles, starting with the one getting the highest top votes:

Wonder Working
and running through *Best of Donald Duck*, *Fantastic Four* 45 (no. 66 didn't quite qualify), *Flash Gordon* 4, *Madrox* 5, *Play With Your Cats* (an underground one-shot),

Among those getting the lowest ratings:
Avenger, *Batman*, *Detective*, *Tales of Suspense* 32, *X-Men* 35.

So, as you can see, we never really completely flipped over *Establishment* comics, even when we started paying a little attention to comics 2 or 3 years prior to CoF no. 12. Admittedly, we inclined heavily in favor of Lee's *MARVEL* Group, mainly because their only big rival, *DC*, was producing cybernetic junk, and Lee's staff showed possibilities of even higher potential. The first several years have witnessed what's happened to most of that potential. As for *Underground* *Comics*, our original enthusiasm for them has been waning lately, despite that they've offered the graphic field's highest hopes. But, nevertheless, now exists a tremendous influence and doesn't always produce a *Wonder Working*. Comics that can't pay well often end up with the least satisfactory material, usually of an exasperatingly self-indulgent, pseudo-experimental nature, particularly grotesque, if not pathetic, are the ones penned by those attempting to convey "deeper meanings" that come from drug-mad minds. More on comics in general in our "Frankenstein At Large" file next, space permitting.—CTB

AND YET MORE ON COMICS

Dear Cal:
I just want to say among other things that CoF is the finest quality publication of its kind today. Not only is it intelligently written and well thought out, it also tells more in five pages than your competitors do

Unfortunately, I've only gotten the last two issues so far, but distribution has improved a lot around my area. Anyway, I was wondering if you had any idea how the *Aveners* fared, 19 through 37 (the *Kiss* I don't want) or any of the good-but-not-forgotten Silver Queen? Or how about Jim Marlin's *Caroline* (Ireland)? Dr. Strange? I'd like to mention the *Green Lantern* (Glee) series (issues about drugs) and Swamp Thing (which shows that DC isn't entirely out of it). If this aren't examples of great writing, I don't know what is. What really gets me is that you place independent comics above the more famous ones. I wish you were some of the most talented, juvenile trashy-guy ever published whose only justification is to live hard core. Of course, it's possible I've seen the worst, so which case were you referring to?

Can you tell me why DC exhumed *Suzanne* (Caplan) Marvel and C.C. Beck along with it (I know you plan on dear old *Jack*—etc.). I mean that "Golden Age" art with no shading, hardly any perspective, and anatomically incorrect figures, just seems out of place today and doesn't click. Which you compare that stuff to the work of Neal Adams, Barry Smith or Bernie Wrightson. It looks ridiculous. Almost a mockery. Also, could anyone explain what happened to Jack Kirby? Ever since he left Marvel his art has been steadily down the drain that is floating in the sewer. When he died the F.F. was one of my favorite artists, but now I cry every time I see his art. His friends aren't that good either.

Before I close I'd like to ask a question ever since I read the intro to *Lancero's* "Conan the Succubus": Are there any plans at all for a movie about Conan, and if so, who's starring, directing, etc.?
Gerald Snow, P.O. Box 1071, North Little Rock, Ark. 72115.

—*But I Gordon thought of doing the film, with me starring as Conan because I've always wanted to being a shab—* a *Sfanyan* fan club, but I turned over the part to Peter McNary instead. — *Seriously, there's been all sorts of talk more than two years about putting Conan on the screen, but no studio has moved on it, despite that it's an obvious winner.* — *Re Undergrowth* (most of the best, or at least among the better ones are *SKULL*, *FEVER DREAMS*, *BLUJO*, *ZAP ANOMALY* and *Kiss Devil's* *CORN FELD*). As with *Establishment* comics, the *Undergrowth* depend on a handful of very talented artists like R. Crumb, Larry Hall, Ralph Reese, Corbin, Patrick Richardson, Brent, *Spacetime* and perhaps five or six others at the most, who all turn out much less material than they would for *Establishment* comics, but get paid a hell of a lot better — You've missed the whole point of the C.C. Beck *CAPTAIN MARVEL* — and this could be why you may have trouble getting into the "mood" of the better *Undergrowth*

Catching fire all the regular, monolithism and crap that makes most people like them too damned seriously. In short — *Learning to laugh, or at least smile, not only by realizing how silly most things look most of the time, but... things we seem to find most repulsive or inferior are often reflections of ourselves* — *CTB*

DARK SHADOWS & OTHERS

Dear Cal,
 You're continually making CoP better, and the more that you're planning to go monthly is the best in years. The cover strip is a little distracting, but it is a part of your trademark and should be kept.
 Some people know that I'm a DARK SHADOWS freak and demand get enough info or pics from their two treacherously released trailers. If you haven't covered them in depth so far, please do so. I would also like to know if there is any way to purchase the complete movies. I've invested a lot in buying trailers, TV spots, stills, etc., and would continue buying the DS's. Also, some many publicity vids (photos) are made for

movies, particularly for DS? I wrote to MGM and asked for their experiments but never got an answer—you're my last resort.
 Please don't feature anything on comic books ever again, they have a great lack of clarity and imagination these days. I used to collect almost all superhero comics, and lost interest when the price went up to zogs. (Especially since approximately 40% of comic-book content seems to consist of ads.)
 I also treasure a few auction lots such as yours with material about live cinema.
Joe Macerella, 6761 Cicero Dr., Orlando, Fla. 32807.

— *I presume you're inquiring about a possible short or super-8 sound version of Dark Shadows, since collecting any 16mm and 35mm film is a legal no-no. MGM hasn't, to the best of my knowledge, done anything to speak of in the movie line. But who knows, now that they've cut down and moved on to other fields... Anyway, you won't lack for info from collecting old/magazines now. Depending on budget, size of collection, etc., a number of 25¢-shots for a film series all the way down from five or ten shot up to around hundred for block-busters like 2001. A SPACE ODYSSEY, and THE POSSEIDON ADVENTURE. The first DS movie had approximately 40 or 50 shots. The 2nd DS had fewer. Of course, more companies have contact books that may include their own, estimated shots per film—usually the roughing a selection that they consider "best," print up huge selections of 8 & 16 sets and have them ready for magz and newspapers. Most of the time, judging from our own experience, such selections are really quite awful. I'd encourage you to see fairly decent scene out of our books. It's been a good day! — *CTB**

PRIVILEGE REVISTED

Dear Cal,
 Compared to the children's press, unending reprints and availability of your magazine, the extra 15¢ you want to charge for CoP still makes it a slave bargain. I especially admire your firm reviews and would appreciate your making a few more on some of my favorites such as: *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*, *BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES*, *5555555*, and *WILLARD*. If I'm wrong as to a few more on some of my favorites such as: *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*, *BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES*, *5555555*, and *WILLARD*. As with *Establishment* comics, the *Undergrowth* depend on a handful of very talented artists like R. Crumb, Larry Hall, Ralph Reese, Corbin, Patrick Richardson, Brent, *Spacetime* and perhaps five or six others at the most, who all turn out much less material than they would for *Establishment* comics, but get paid a hell of a lot better — You've missed the whole point of the C.C. Beck *CAPTAIN MARVEL* — and this could be why you may have trouble getting into the "mood" of the better *Undergrowth*

I think it's about time a movement began in STAR TREK's case to try to get the junk, but real, DARK SHADOWS back on the air, at least in syndicated reruns. I can't comprehend what happened. At the time of the show's demise an article in a teen magazine stated that DS was rating up for the junk, I am sure there are still many loyal DS fans who would delight in the return of their sorely missed favorite. How about your magazine running something on this? (Sorry, but when a pulpy serial naming such requests as yours—etc.—are sent to see CoP run a Monster Post card as *Master Times* did.)
Larry Van Duzer, 3 Vincent Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10306.

— *I damn... last time anyone pulled movies, he wound up with an Oscar.*
 Despite all many fans, DARK SHADOWS displaced daytime TV shows, it stood out amid the afternoon TV wasteland like a fine work of art in a junk shop. Reviewing it for TV would be a blessing. *Montana*, its production was held up all the time for very good reasons, some of them involved costuming problems and producer Don Carter's indifference over certain financial arrangements. But... I gather that it is now currently seen on some area, and should eventually end its disorderly TV journey like NYC—provided they can fight their present gang of mischievous misadventurers "spoons" that monopolize so much time. *Parliamentary* protest

supports like *Agnew* and *Nixon* have done a great job stopping our many cultural flowers and nurturing a *Wonderland* flower. *PhD* and *suburban* TV notwithstanding (and crap-ed badly by *hooking* *hooking*—TV is almost entirely devoid of *open*, *vital*, *needed* *personal* *dynamic* *workshops* that can encourage and develop new actors, directors and playwrights. NYC and most other large metropolitan areas have no spontaneous and special shows for youngsters in the daytime or early evening (pre-school age shows like *Curious George* or *Jack-well Family*), in the early A.M. (early even bridge the gap—and *Wonderland* [I know on Saturday morning] is a boring, unexciting commercial mess).

Obviously, the unavailability of DARK SHADOWS in a daytime weekend at that a symptom of TV's, nay, of the whole System's speeding decline. — *CTB*

APPROPOS OF THE ABOVE...

Dear Cal,
 I've edited a few reviews complaining about seeing reviews on Nelson and other relevant matters in CoP. I am glad to see, however, that it's highly gratifying to you speak out, especially when you had to see and was courage to do it before anyone else. It shows there are still people, who still care. It's those who don't give a damn and fearful of "ruining the boat" that are responsible for the state the U.S. is in now and for putting a power-mad crook in the White House. God grant us life through his term, and that we never again see the likes of "King Richard."

Don't drop your interest in comic reviews. True, many are only good for kiddy letters but for the most part, they are better than they were years ago. You're right, of course, that there are many more interested in films than in comics, but there are many interested in both mediums. You could even let CoP's readers do the reviewing if you desire to allow comic reviews again (I'll gladly do the comic work).

CoP readers ought to be happy knowing so many fantasy-horror TV programs are on this year, like *STARLOGS*, *The Six* (H. P. Lovecraft), *Dark Shadows*, *Dark Shadows*, and the great two-part *FRANKENSTEIN*. There are also more books in the genre in hardcover and paperback than in "hardcover" and "paperback" and "Doc Savage" series. "The Successor" "The Other," the ever-growing line of H.P. Lovecraft's books—I could go on and on.

My point is CoP could cover all these things. It would be the first magazine in the world to totally cover all phases of fantasy-imagination, and would be greater than it is now.

Richard Mayhew, 37-F Lane Fraser Village, Cumberland, Maryland 21502.

— *On the other hand... things may get so even pretty dreary for a while, even if you have Dark Shadows to kick around any more. But, there—there are always other fans and genres, like getting after the bathroom cash-gometer (i.e. on *midwestern*, *TV*, etc.), who spend endless minutes to back and control people like *Nixon*, his predecessors and, respectively, his successors.*

As I've said before in the past we'd be *labeled* fortunate if we survive the *Nixon* era with more than our shirts on — *CTB*

VINCENT PRICE APPRECIATION

Dear Cal,
 About *THEATRE OF BLOOD*... After a spectacular leap from a night-club to a balcony into the Thames River, and an equally daring jump into the blazing inferno of a burning building, Vincent Price should have died. The circumstances of his death would be a fitting end to his career. I'm in complete agreement with Price's opinion that the film's gaudy Rod Steiger's impersonations in *NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY*, but it was enough to make the *Star* turn over in its grave, not because of Price's interpretations (I was pretty badly perturbed by Price) but be-

cause of the script. The Shakespearean mood was all but obliterated by the camp-up style and absurdities. On the other hand, the comic touches very adequately softened the otherwise harsh effects of more gruesome scenes. All told, this has to be the best horror film this has had to date.
Slurp! Rite, Aug. 3, 6 Old Road, South Amboy, N.J. 08879.

—**THEATRE OF BLOOD** is one of Price's best in a very long time. But in all justice to a brilliant film career (nearly over 15 years, some other outstanding Price roles spring to my mind, such as his portrayal of the tyrannical leader in early 19th century New York who gradually deteriorates from drug addiction, in **DRAGONWYCK**, at James Addison River, the true tale of an infamous fraud who lived owning an entire state, in **THE BARON OF ARIZONA**, as the madcap, eccentric soap company tycoon (and probably his greatest comedy role) in **CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR**. And, of course, so need to mention **HOUSE OF WAX**—CTB.

THE COLLECTOR

Dear Cal:

As the spiritual as well as material leader of the **PLAN 9** OUTER SPACE Movement, in order to start chapters from Cape of Africa to Staten Island, I seek fans of such classics as the above. Also am on the hunt for trailers of such films, like **ROBOT MONSTER**, etc. if you have such and don't notify me. CoP's editor will put the Gravelly Curse on you!! Also want such rarities as the scissored drawing scene in **FRANKENSTEIN**, the spider off and bromine/slime change in **KONG**, Ang, and monster map like **CERTIFICATE-X**, **Scream Chills**, **Monsieur & Things**, **Shoals**, **Gettysburg**, **Inch**, **Buena**, etc. Info needed on rare or greenish (T) **PLAN 9** like **NIGHT OF THE GHOULES** (used again in **PLAN 9**), **VAMPIRE'S TOMB** (w. **Lagotis**), **THE ROCKET MAN**, etc. Also wanted, record rarities like Zachary's 3rd (and 4th others, but only in drama), **"T" Traction**, **Faded Horror Movies**, soundtracks like the "Time Machine" theme, and many more.

I'm now planning and preparing a new feature, covering films and other spantasy topics, called "Inside Fantom." Watch for it.
Don "Plan 9" Feinman, 67-41 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. 11367.

—Modern Don "Plan 9" Feinman forgot to mention that he's the winner of the very rare and coveted **ROBOT MONSTER** Bubble Machine Award, so far given out only once in all these years... given to Don, that is!—CTB.

And... that's almost, though not quite, all there's to say for this issue. Glance over, however, on to the next page for Vincent Van Ghoul's mind boggling **COFANADICTS GALLERY**.

NEXT ISSUE

CoP meets and has a long, in-depth interview with **ROGER CORNALL**, the man who built the **House of AIP**. And...

A meet, intimate chat with **PETER CUSHING**.

As we did this time with **Don Siegel** and his incredible **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**. CoP rediscovers and analyzes another **Fifties** golden gem. **NOT OF THIS EARTH**—appropriately enough, a Roger Cornall Do!

THE LEGEND OF BELL HOUSE gets a multiple analysis by several of the staff, along with a big, deep look over one of the genre's most exciting films in a decade, **THE EXORCIST**.

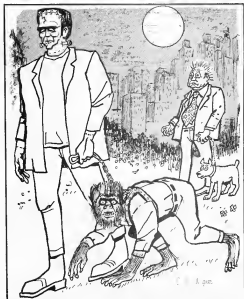
Our long-planned series of articles on **ALFRED HITCHCOCK** should have begun this issue, and may yet start with the next one, unless we run into another space problem.

Meanwhile—we're still keeping our **Telene Hunt** open for any possible contributions. Keep 'em rolling in. We'll give you a fast decision one way or another.—Peace

—Calvin T. Beck—



"Aw, come on sugar! I just go run for big, hairy freak types like you!"





Vincent Van
Ghoul,
the Gothic
Ghoul.

The CoFaneDicts GALLERY

Hi, all of you out there again. 'Tis I, old Uncle Vincent Van Ghoul, your friendly Gallery Ghoul. Like I keep trying to remind all you CoFaneDicts, the GALLERY is free of charge to ALL! Unlike our money-hungry "monster" mag type competitors who put a premium on similar services or charge per word, we're real, genuine Dead-in-the-Ghoul fans just as most of you out there. Your day-by-day "ticket" is imagination.

Space limitations necessitate you keeping it short and sweet, in all fannish to others. And the only rule is that you must be a fan (pros, business and vampire-like dealers are unwelcome on these hallowed grounds). If listed name states no words or preferences, he/she is a SF/Fan with just general interests or pen-pals in mind.

So, keep 'em pouring in—we'll list all of you. Write to:

CoF Gallery — GOTHIC CASTLE
506 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10017.

Robert Minter, 326 Choppee St., Chippewa, Mass. 01013.

Max Miller, 326 Winchester St., Ocasett, Ind. 46733. Will pay up to 75¢ for 3 to 4 ft. Brian Palmer, 408 West most exciting scenes. Kenton Carlsen, Box 484K, Route 1, Rapid City, S.D. 57701. Collects SF/Fan mag. John Riese, 34 McKinley Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. 06606.

Bruce Linney, 260 Collegeview St., Skaneateles, New York.

Edward Ufford, 1511 Freeman, Houston, Tex. 77069. Interested in horror films.

Bryon Mappert, 1265 Santa Ynez Way, Santa, Calif. 95019, "adorable" SF/Fan/Genre magazines and Alan Kelly gals.

Tim Hoffman, 139 S. Hernandez, Arcadia, Fla. 32821, devoted fan of Frankenstein, the Wolf Man and Oracula.

John Mallon, 419 W. 47 St., New York, NY 10039, clips LIFO, STAR TREK, and wants info etc. on both.

Thomas V. Allen, Rt. 1, 664 Strait Creek, Ashland, Kentucky, buys and collects movie stills.

Karl Prossert, 7302 Garden, Houston, Tex. 77012, spot fx, animation info how to mass models etc. wanted.

Kerry Parks, 15 Charles St., Watertown, Mass. 02172, collects & buys from film dealers.

Robert Frideau, 26 Berry Lane, Hicksville, NY 11801.

Tim Curry, 411 Lowe St., Greenburg, Kentucky 42743.

Tim Miller, 217 Connolly St., West Lafayette, Ind. 47906.

Randy L. Shook, Rt. 2, Clayton, Ga. 30525. SF/CoF fan/medicals, catwalks, horror comics and magz, etc. & wants to buy them.

L.G. & P. Calozza Jr., 181 Breunton Ave., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003, are CoFaneDicts par excellence!

Esperanza Solson, 1322 So. 2nd St., Pekin, Ill. 61554.

Jeffrey Liffon, 293 Colonial Ave., Moorestown, N.J. 08057, wants scripts, stills and any memorabilia dealing with UNTOUCHABLES TV series. Please list items and prices.

Thomas M. Murdoch, 5713 N. Fairhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19120, wishes correspondence (preferably over 35) interested in Japanese SF/fantasy-magazine films, primarily Daisetz Gensetsu & Majin series.

Kenneth D. Duke Jr., Rt. 1, Gadsden, Alabama 35901, is a fan of & collect material on the PLANET OF THE APES series.

Frankie Thierman, 1882 Mt. Vernon Rd., Southington, Conn. 06488, will buy stills, posters etc., especially of Scarecrow, Kelly's Harem, City to Henry.

Georges R. Ryan, 38 William St., Patchogue, N.Y. 11761, devoted to spot fx films and the Herryhausen style.

Edward D. Collins, 38 Seventh Ave., Hempstead, N.Y. 11742, interested in STAR TREK.

James Crawford, 1235 So. Marlowe, Philadelphia, Pa. 19142, likes to draw and hopes to be another Frabasta some day.

James Varlen, Box 999, Palacios, Tex. 79468, Nelson W. Black, 2122 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Calif. 94501.

Man Kue Hwa, 598 Jalan Yew, Kuala Lumpur, West Malaysia, wishes info, contacts, pen-pals and getting more involved in SF/fantasy Fan.

Hugh Shelton, 25275 Hisslaw, Roswell, Ga. 30063. Collects and loves CoF, and other genre magz, etc.

Marie Robinson, 4655 E. 149 St., Cleveland, Ohio 44128. Any and all info wanted on Peter Cushing, Chris Lee, Cameron Mitchell, Photos, club info, with wanted on these stars.

John Maxwell, 121 Glenview Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4G 2M7, Canada. Wants Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea and Outer Limits collection cards, specify price & order quantity.

American Peter Cushing Club, Miss Debbie Bennett, pres, 183 Plymouth Blvd., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787. S.e. provides full membership info, club quarterly (mag \$5.00 p.o.), including autographed photo, bio graphic, etc., plus Cushing's official endorsement of club.

Peter Cassens, 1535 Alta Vista Dr., apt. 1029 Q, Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Wants to buy glossy B&W (or color) stills, especially Harryhausen.

Mary B. Howard, P.O. Box 167, Rockland, Mass. 02376. B&W Lupul buff would like the contact with others of similar persuasion.

Alan Corzova, P.O. Box 324, San Antonio, Calif. 94909, loyal CoFaneDicts, has comic records, SF/fantasy stills, etc. for sale. Wants contact with fans of films like Star Wars, Godfather, Orange, Vanquish, etc.

Oscar S. Catlett, Jr., 2328 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45426, catwalks magz, etc.

Louis Allen Schneider, 23572 Wimbeldon Rd., Shaker Hts., Ohio.

Kelly Davis, 761 Union Dr., apt. D, Springdale, Ark. 72764. Loves Japanese monster SF/fantasy.

Richard Rios, 1966 Northwind Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63139, will trade photos and info from special effects movies.

Richard Liskin, 825 E. 34th St. (apt. 118), New York, NY 10009, is a devoted Star Trek and Swedish Helmer fan.

Miss Bonnie Cassano, 1289 Marlen Ave., Chester, Pa. 19013, CoFaneDicts lover.

In Closing . . .

Hearing the approaching sounds of home hovers and growling squeak of the hearse's carriage wheels nearing my mausoleum, I must take leave for my midnight rendezvous with Mr. Hyde—only a few eyes ago, he and I discovered this utterly delightful abandoned morgue. Splendid place for our secret meetings and "special" parties. But more on this another time.

A word of warning to you Galleys nuts, meanwhile. If you haven't a typewriter, you must spell out at least your names and address. Some of your penmanship looks like The Mummy's ancient Egyptian curses, and my eyes are now more bloodshot than usual. God, almost as bad as deciphering Watergate tapes.

Till next time when we meet again by the sign of the CoF Fan. . .

Vincent Van Ghoul

MONSTER SALE OF THE CENTURY!

Hundreds and hundreds of fine, beautiful, & rare items—representing your entire collection of over fifteen (15) years accumulation!—for sale! Since all this material was originally purchased privately out of pure love for SF/fantasy movies & things, I am not a dealer. Once it's all sold, that's it. Included in this vast collection: Still's, TV & Film Slides—35mm trailers (many from old film classics)—PhotoBook material (scores in couple of hundred)—Magazines—old and rare Fanzines, plus other very rare movie publicity material, other unusual items, etc. List available for 25¢.

PHOTO B. Newville — Box 1416, Main Post Office — Boston, Massachusetts 02104.

HORROR FILM RARIES

Here's an unequalled opportunity to own for the first time rare SFantasy-Horror FEATURE FILMS—not little one-reel cuttings or "samples" sold by other companies (running from 8 to 10 minutes) but full length features as they were originally meant to be shown theatrically. All come in single 200 foot reels (some come in 400 foot length, or two 200 ft. reels on one reel). And all are in standard 8 mm.



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

1925 — 7 full reels — \$67.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
Yes, it's here in its entirety. The full 7-reel feature length edition of this terrible horror film classic. Made over 45 years ago, the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA has never been duplicated for sheer originality, thrills and mood, despite two other subsequent versions. Now, learn about the dread curse that hung over the Opera House... SEE the horror of the somersaulting underground catacombs... An underground labyrinth... the Sisyphus Curse... The Law of the Phantom... And, horror of horrors: the Phantom's dreadful secrets! A score that evokes all manner of fears and shudders as it has done for generations. The original, one and only PHANTOM played by the amazing and immortal Lon Chaney Sr. in his greatest role!

Lon Chaney Sr. in:

THE SHOCK

1922 — 6 full reels — \$60.80 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
A collector's item, the earliest Chaney drama available in 8mm. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on to 1936 to direct the memorable THE INVISIBLE MAN with Karloff and Lupul) and DRACULA's DAUGHTER), it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-way peak of his cinematic fame.

Boris Karloff in:

THE BELLS

1926 — 7 full reels — \$66.80 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
A great filmic trip for all machine fans, especially for Karloff-geeks, co-starring film greats like Lionel Barrymore and Gustaf von Seydewitz. Largely inspired and heavily influenced by CALIGARI. In this earliest of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his future role of the future, stealing all scenes in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Mesmerist, who is first found in an odd traveling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

1927 — 7 full reels — \$68.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
The original and definitive House of Horror movie. Directed by Paul Leni, with Laura LaPlante as the girl in distress, Fabulous sets, mood and grand "spooky" atmosphere, with more than 100,000 shadows creeping about at night or behind secret panels and down dark corridors that never even shown on the screen before or since then. An orgy of horrors and thrills.



THE GOLEM

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

1920 — 6 full reels — \$58.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
John Barrymore took the time between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformations sequences stole the hearts of the mobsters. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

NOSFERATU

1922 — 6 full reels — \$59.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
One to every copyright holder, they could not take this as DRACULA, though it has been highly praised as perhaps the most gorgeous and best made version of the famous vampire story. NOW—director F.W. Murnau's original feature length version, exactly as it was made. Acclaimed by International Film Festivals as one of the Top Ten Horror Classics of all time!

METROPOLIS

1924 — 8 full reels — \$79.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
Fritz Lang's classic, which took more than two years to make, is universally acclaimed as one of The Greatest Films ever made, perhaps approached only by THINGS TO COME and THINGS TO COME for their about power and consequences. There's never been another film like this Lang classic—perhaps there may never again be one like it. SEE the stupendous work of their terrible underground city... a horrow, archetype of all real scientists, creating a robot-android in a sequence to get down ALL "horror of life" sequences! SEE some of the most tremendous special and visual effects ever devised. An SFantasy Classic!

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 6 full reels — \$74.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
Long considered a "lost" SFantasy classic, it worried audiences when finally rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its expertise in special effects, camera work and quality result as examples of the most imaginative use of film materials. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's fabulous Imagination.

THE LOST WORLD

1925 — 6 full reels — \$57.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
Polysthetic wonders and a glorious galore in the hands Arthur Conan Doyle classic, made into an all-time super-hit by Willis O'Brien, the creator of KING KONG and mentor of Ray Harryhausen. Now you can live the daring exploits of Prof. Challenger and his friends, from the moment they meet and plan the world's most astounding expedition, as the camera and action move from London across the ocean, to the depths of spectacular regions of the Amazonia... The Lost World.

DESTINY

1921 — 6 full reels — \$59.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
Created and directed by Fritz Lang, the immortal director of METROPOLIS, the NAUSICAE GIRL, SIEGFRIED and many other screen gems, A Lang film hardly requires explanation or justification. He is simply one of the greatest masters of film reality that ever lived, and he proves it in this enchanting three-part mystical fantasy (and an acknowledged classic) that not only inspired Hitchcock to become a director, but shows its influence in the best works of Ingmar Bergman.

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

1924 — 16 full reels — \$119.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
A great spectacular running time nearly 5 hours at normal silent speed starting the legendary Douglas Fairbanks in his heroic hey-day, with Anna May Wong, Sam and a cast of thousands. Sold by film authorities to go to shirk the 1940 Sabu version. An Arabian Nights dream of magnificent adventures, spectacles and wondrous special effects. The definitive Fairbanks adventure and greatest of all his films.

THE GOLEM

1920 — 7 full reels — \$68.90 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
Now, from the Golden Age of German SFantasy, the first of the gothic masterpiece of Expressionism is being offered for the first time. Directed by and starring Paul Wegner, the Frankenstein-like Monster known as the Golem fights off friends and foes alike. He is the creation of Sabu Loew who knows the legend of ancient sorcery and alchemy is responsible for bringing the Golem to life. Rated among the top SFantasy films of all time, this is the original and best of all versions ever made.

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

1916 — 3 full reels — \$30.75 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).
In the history of SFantasy-horror films, no other production has ever succeeded in capturing the other side of terror and unreality conveyed by this expressionistic masterpiece. Camera work, lighting and the sets alone have been acclaimed as the most original and unusual ever seen on a screen. A soul-shaking probe of mental darkness and intellectual perversity, it plumbs the darker regions of horror and goes far beyond. Starring Conrad Veidt.

HEROES! FILM HISTORY

75¢ each:

- () THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED
- () ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE STEW
- () INVISIBLE MEN
- () ALONE BY NIGHT
- () SARDONICUS
- () ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS
- () SOME OF YOUR BLOOD
- () NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS
- () DEALS WITH THE DEVIL
- () THE FRANKENSTEIN READER (\$1.00 special, edited by Cabeta T. Book)

Cover Reproductions of CoF, minus any printed matter on the back (very scarce):

- () HANNES BOOK'S "Good & Evil" - send in back cover on CoF no. 10, \$4.00.
- () CHRIS LEE as FU MANCHU (from 1967 CoF ANNUAL back cover painting by Ross Jones) \$2.00

- () GREEN HORNET, front cover for CoF no. 10, \$1.00
- () 1967 CoF FEARBOOK front cover, by Ross Jones \$1.00

MOVIE STILLS On Glossy Stock

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY - 5 different scenes \$10.00, ten different for \$20, etc.
HANNES BOOK'S: Large selection from "Gorgon," "Pledge of the Zombies," "Horror of Dracula," and many other Hannes: \$2.00 each.

FROM UNIVERSAL: A wide variety from Universal's "Golden Age" of the 30's and 40's, including Karloff, Lugosi, etc., plus many scenes. \$1.00 each.

FANTASY/HORROR Film Goss Bag

Hundreds of different scenes from hundreds of various SF/Fantasy/Horror films from the 30's, 40's to 60's. Two parts to go. Only ten for \$7.50. Each additional set, \$2.00 each.

MISCELLANEOUS STILLS, Mostly From Non-Fantasy Films—Goss Bag. 20 different stills, \$10.00
25 different stills, \$12.50
Special: 100 different, \$25.00

Portrayed by
CHRISTOPHER LEE

DRACULA



DRACULA

ONLY \$7.95

Hear for the first time on record, a dramatization, with music and sounds, of Bram Stoker's classic tale of the macabre. You will be thrilled and chilled as you listen to the story of the most famous fiend of all time, and what happens when he leaves his castle in Transylvania and preys on the teeming metropolis of London.

Two (2) large 12-inch records. Each side has about 26 to 30 Minutes of playing time. All total: nearly TWO HOURS hearing time! \$7.95 (price includes all postage and handling).

More Books:

"THE OLD MOVIES" - \$7.00 per vol. Extraordinary movie history, synopses, photo's, posters, lobby cards, plus titles and episodes. By the publishers of the famous SERIALS OF REPUBLIC, SERIALS OF COLUMBIA, etc.

In Five Volumes, \$7.00 each:

- Vol. One - 5 WESTERNS
- Vol. Two - THE SERIALS
- Vol. Three - 6 WESTERNS
- Vol. Four - SERIALS
- Vol. Five - MORE WESTERNS

16mm FILMS: All in Color With Sound! \$4.00 per reel.

Exclusively made for TV. Hundreds of well known promotional and (several) obscure reels up to \$10.00. Special low price because they're too many to list. Each reel: 1 to 3 minutes. Special discount: 20 different ones for \$75.00. Minimum order: 3. As they are unusual and scarce, offer will not be repeated once this supply is gone.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM

THE Book of SFantasy-Horror Films. Chapter after chapter of history; scores of rare stills, including checklist directory on hundreds of Film Greats (inc. cast/prod./credits). Coverage from 1893 (!) to date.

Now available for \$4.95 (postage and handling included).

GOTHIC CASTLE— 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

USE THIS ENTIRE PAGE AS A COUPON BY CIRCULING ITEMS YOU WANT! IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO DEFACE MAGAZINE, COUPON IS NOT NECESSARY. PLEASE PRINT ITEMS NEATLY WHEN ORDERING!

HEROES! FILM HISTORY

Here's unique memorabilia and nostalgia—film history data, beautifully reproduced rare photos, pressbook and lobby-card reproductions—all in handsome printed book form. Their contents would cost a small fortune if bought separately. (Since some of these items are already in short supply, it's wise not to wait. Forthcoming issues of CoF will not carry certain numbers or titles.)

GREAT SERIAL ADS

\$3.50

Pressbook reproductions from **THE MONSTER AND THE APE**, **FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE**, **THE CRIMINAL MINDS**, **THE LOST PLANET**, **THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIDES** and dozens more!

SERIAL QUARTERLY

#1 - \$3.50

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions. **GARGOYLES OF THE BIG CIRCLE**, **ATOM MAN VS. SUPERMAN**, **SLAKE OF SCORLAND YARD** and others.

SERIAL QUARTERLY

#5 - \$3.50

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions. **The Green Archer**; **G-Men Vs. The Black Dragon**; **Deadwood Dick**, etc.

SERIAL QUARTERLY

#6 - \$3.50

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions. **Black Rogers**; **Captain Marvel**; **Mysterious Island**; **Jungle Raiders**; **Congo Bill**; **Batman & Robin**—and miscellaneous ads, etc.

SERIAL QUARTERLY

#4 - \$3.50

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions. **PAINTED HARBOR**, **BLACK HAWK**, **THE SEA HOUND** and more!



8x10 STILL SETS

\$7.00 per set

Five beautiful glossy stills per set! (Set #1: no serial reproduces its special stills.) Order by number: #1 (1936) **FLASH GORDON**; #2 (1939) **BLACK ROGUES**; #3 (1940) **GREEN HORNET**; #4 (1941) **CAPT. AMERICA**; **CAPT. MARVEL**, **BATMAN** and **PHANTOM**; #5 (1941) **BLACK TRACY**; **WINGED MAN**; **SPY SMASHER**; **PHANTOM RIDER**; **RED RYDER**; #6 (1942) **ROCKETMAN**, **MYRA**, **LOVE SINGER**, **SON WINLOW**, **MANGARRE**; #7 (1942) **JANGLE GIRL**, **DRAGON OF CHINA**, **HAUNTED MANUEL**; **CAPT. MIDWINTER**, **MYSTERIOUS DR. ZATAN**; #8 (1942) **FLASH GORDON**, **SECRET CODE**, **DORGO**, **GREEN HORNET**, **KING OF THE TOTAL MOVIES**.

SERIAL FAVORITES

\$5.00

Stars and scenes from all-time serial classics: **THE PURPLE MONSTER**, **SUPERMAN**, **SPY SMASHER**, **MANGARRE**, **THE MAGICIAN**, **BRICK BRADFORD** and scores more. Large 8 1/2 x 11 book with full page photos on quality paper stock.

THRILL AFTER THRILL

\$5.00

Fantastic pressbook & lobby card reproductions! From: **THE BLACK WIDOW**, **DAUGHTER OF DON Q**, **DICK TRACY**, **HAUNTED HARBOR**, **SUPERMAN**, **RED RYDER** and other serial classics. A big 8 1/2 x 11 quality printed book.

BORIS KARLOFF

\$5.95

Large 8 1/2 x 11" book about the Master of the Macabre himself in over 100 choice and rare stills (arranged in chronological order), plus a biographical appreciation and complete filmography list.



ERROL FLYNN

\$5.95

Serve foremost! as Karloff book above, with more than 100 dynamic photos (most of them very rare) of the screen's greatest swashbuckler hero (plus a filmography, checklist, etc.).

MOVIE ADS OF THE PAST

\$3.00

Lobbycard and pressbook reproductions from **Bothi**, **Celkie**, **enry**, **Kan**, **Haywood**, **COME ON**, **TARZAN** and **John Wayne** and many more stars!

SERIAL PICTORIAL

\$2.00 each

- #1—ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL
- #2—THE MASKEO MARVEL
- #3—DARKEST AFRICA
- #4—SPY SMASHER
- #5—ORIGINS OF FU MANCHU
- #6—ZORRO'S FIGHTING LEGION
- #7—SECRET AGENT X-9
- #8—Famous Republic Serial Villain

Ray Garcroft

HIGH ROADS TO ADVENTURE

\$5.95

Big 8 1/2 x 11 book of rare film posters, lobbies, etc. **DICK TRACY**, **FU MANCHU**, **TERRY & THE PIKES** & many, many more.

SERIAL SHOWCASE

\$5.95

Handsome, large 8 1/2 x 11 book—200 wonderful photos of Serial-com's Golden Age.

DAYS OF THRILLS & ADVENTURE

In large 8 1/2 x 11 "heritage" book form at, each volume has scores of collector's item photos: lobby cards, posters and other rare memorabilia.

Vol. I, and Vol. II, each:

\$5.95

GOTHIC CASTLE— 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

USE THIS ENTIRE PAGE AS A COUPON BY CIRCULING ITEMS YOU WANT! IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO DEFACE MAGAZINE, COUPON IS NOT NECESSARY. PLEASE PRINT ITEMS NEATLY WHEN ORDERING!

Nostalgia Comics

An exciting bi-monthly publication dedicated to reprinting the classics of the comic strip from the 1930's and 1940's.

Alex Raymond's Secret Agent X-9, the daily Flash Gordon strip, vintage Mackey Mouse, Tailspin Tommy, Brick Bradford, Roy Crane's Wish Tubbs and Captain Easy plus many other greats.

SINGLE COPY: \$6.95



TERRY

AND THE PIRATES



Comic strips have never been the same since that day in 1934 when Terry Lee and Pat Ryan sailed into the China Sea! View the Orient as it was and never will be again as TERRY AND THE PIRATES set sail again in Nostalgia Press' bound volume which brings you this strip from its very first day!

\$14.50

LEE FALK'S

MANDRAKE

the MAGICIAN

When these two hats get tossed into the ring, anything can happen and usually does! Lee Falk has been mixing the real and the fantastic for years ever since 1934! Phil Davis added the art that kept MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN filled with excitement! See how it all began...



\$7.95

LITTLE NEMO

IN SLUMBERLAND

by Winsor McCay

Little Nemo was the most remarkable comic strip fantasy ever created. Week after week, Winsor McCay created a profound vision of scenes of wonder that are unmatched anywhere for their sheer fantasy and imagination. Today the reputation of this magnificent strip is growing by leaps and bounds.

Thirty full-page reproductions are taken directly from the original drawings created over fifty years ago.



\$3.95

GEORGE HERRIMAN'S



When that brick connects, the whole world turns on in Cocomino County! It's too bad that only the readers of 48 newspapers in the U.S. were able to turn on with it! But that didn't keep George Herriman's KRAZY RAT from being one of the most celebrated strips of all time and considered by Gilbert Seldes as one of the highest achievements in popular art. See what Woodrow Wilson read to calm his cabinet, read what a Cummings would credit over and what Charles Schultz calls a classic!

168 pages, 8 in color

\$13.95

While this ad continues, copies of all the above items will continue being available. But—there's no guarantee that what is listed now will be seen the next issue or the one after. And buying now is like an investment, much better now than money in the bank, since much dollar paid on a special book or magazine today may be worth as much as three or four dollars some day. For instance, the Pulitzer book "The Great Comic Book Heroes" of several years ago, which sold for about \$7.00 has been out of print for some time and now worth up to \$20.00....The once available Harbour movie serial books, "Serials of Columbia" and "Serials of Republic" (each three serials originally for only \$2) can't be had for less than \$7 each from rare book dealers. So, be wise—Order now!

All prices above include postage and handling.

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:
GOTHIC CASTLE Publishing Co.,
509 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y. 10017

DID YOU MISS ANY?



#5-Noted film historian William K. "Blonde Pansy" Brown reveals his personal connection with love in the PETER LORENT STORY—with checklist of 18 love films; photo-story review of THE FRANKENSTEIN, leading Burroughs' screen Old Lloyd's director MONSTERS OF SOGAR RICE SUGAROUGH—with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Rod Crendell, Larry Iola and Al Williamson; OUTRIS SMITHS, interview with Arthur Lubin, director of 1943 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA; Star Col OGDEN RUT GOODIES, feature film of IRAN COXMAN, OUT OF THIS WORLD WITH ROSS SARKIS; ADOLPH BARNETT, new photo photographer by Kevin in 1914



#6—The second FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN, FANTASY REPORT on 2nd Volume Science Fiction Film Festival; HORROR ON THE AIR—nostalgic memories and rare photos of The Shadow, Roger Corman and other great movie monsters; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; questions and answers with William K. & WITCH COCKRAN; PART IV: another FRANKENSTEIN film, Charles Collier on Robert E. Howard; MONSTERS, four years' worth of CHRIS LEE film; MONSTERS OF KID DEATH; UNDERDOG part 1; FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIE-GUIDE listing all horror on TV.



#7-Mike Perry goes a visit to the set of THE MONSTER, DRI interview with AP director David Miller, Joseph E. Lawrence 123,000 Monster, 2-part C. 2-movie tells all about the MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, reviews of TOOLS OF LUTER, collection of LON CHANEY JR. story, checklist of Chamee Jr.'s film, different versions of THE FURY, BURGESS WOODS SCREEN, TV Movieguide "3" Screen, LEE & LEBOW, THE AVANGARD, THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER.



#8-Saved the Screen with RU HANCOCK and Christopher Lee, David McCallum—The Man from MONSTER, William F. Everett recalls The Last Days of Boris Lugosi; Mike Perry interviews Hammer makeup artist Ray Ashen, director RALPHIN On the Set of Hammer, Lin Carter goes up 1945 The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books, TV Movieguide "C" feature he stands for Major poster, RALPHIN—From 1943 serial to 1944 TV, SON OF FRANKENSTEIN costarfield, special, From Ramon van BUNSEL stops, RATMAN book cover.



No.13—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" anniversary, interview with RAY BRADBURY; "Planet of The Apes Return" exclusive secret facts; revealed for the first time; BASIL RATHBON interviewed For Last Time; Jonathan FRID profile; coverage & Dora on ROSEMARY'S BABY, BARBARILLA, etc.; "CAR-VAK"; comic parlor in the inevitable CoF reviewer; "TV Or Not TV?" (that is a question!); RAQUEL WELCH



No.14-KARLOFF SPECIAL: "Tolliver to Kintley" by Lyle, Life As A Monster" by Scarlett, HORROR FILM HISTORY PART ONE, RAY BRADBURY interview, M.21 CARNAK by BRADBURY (continued), ILLUSTRATED MAN, books reviewed by LON CHANEY JR., FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED (photo from WIZARD OF OZ, GRAND, etc.



No.15—HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (part 2), MARCOING reviewed, KARLOFF & HIS LEBOWY, THE DIS-LONG BOX, with Vincent Price, reviewed; review of YASIE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA with Gene Lee; Mind Blowing Comics; LITTLE NEMO—SWASH GORDON, MEN BEHIND THE COMICS FROM BURKETT; SE-NE-TO THE IN THE MIND OF THE APES; 2 different critiques, THE WITCH'S BREW; fact article on forgotten facts and medicine; HEADLITERAL BOOK REVIEWS, ad Inclusion



No. 16 Part I: ROBERT BLOCH is interviewed—WEN DINGDING'S RULED, interview with LEBOWY, "DOUGLAS GRAY" past and present; THE VAMPIRE LOVERS—Part 3 a conclusion of HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS—Redescovered: Two "1941" Classics, 1932's OR JARVIS & ME, THE CURE, and MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, by WYLLA, LEBOWY, HORROR COMICS, Series: Interview with a CASE OF COMPS-ENCE—CAP MOVIEGUIDE: more than 55 recent SF/Thriller films, = Paul LEBOWY, Head Serial, etc., etc., etc., etc.



No. 17

ROBERT BLOCH interview (pt 2, conclusion) — RONDO HATTON: career article as an overlooked Horror Star — The M Fantasy Film Labors (part 3) — FILMUSIC IN THE FANTASY FILM. — Review of an unusual "horror" but has 3 genres. THE CRIMSON CULT. — FRANKFURTER ALBUM Review of new CD. Ban 18 carrot film. — THIS FILM — CRY OF THE BANSHIEE — THE CRIMSON CULT — Santa Berger — Specialty Film News in depth — Comic, Graphics in short, another smashing issue.



No. 18

[illegible]

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

No. 19
The World of Ray Harryhausen (BBC, 12) Includes three MIGHTY JOE YOUNG — to 35 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, to THE DEATH FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, to VOYAGE OF SINBAD, etc. etc. — Analysis and review of Harryhausen's CLOCKWORK ORGANS — As about SILENT RUNNING — An interview with director Gordon Freeland — A HAMMERFUL YEAR GRACULA A.D. 72: COUNTLESS GRACULA VAMPIRE CIRCUS TWINS OF EVIL BLOOD From the MUMMY'S TOMB HANOS OF THE RUPES OF DE JAYLL & SISTER HYOLE — To "MILITARY" CATS (New



123

No. 20
Part 2 of a collection of **Writings of HARRY THAYER** (including *Jason & the Argonauts*, *Mysterious Island*, *First Men in the Moon*, *San Millon* etc., *History of the Gospel*, etc.). **Wm. F. Appleton** are on *Vault of Horror—Threats Of Jinnah—dreadful Starts—Drive of the Vampire—Soylent Green—TV Menagerie*, with the complete *19th* edition, including *Frankenstein at Large*, *And from Now, a Phenomenon: Cerebration*, and other great scientific literature, a general review, scores of by and film reviews, and *Readings on the Film of 1972*.

Owning a life of CoF is like having an entire cross-section history of the World of Imagination and SFantasy Film-making. One issue alone has reading material and information comparable to several or more issues of "similar" publications. As for the quality—it speaks for itself!

Leading libraries and film organizations, important film scholars and historians continue to rely on CoF (e.g. CoF was recently praised as the best of its kind in a write up that appeared in *AFI Report*, the American Film Institute's prestigious magazine).

Read the accompanying coupon box on obtaining back issues... while they're still available.



1967 ANNUAL—The best from our previous issues along with all new photos and features: Carolee's lengthy biography of Boris Yeltsin; *Photostories on 'BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE, NOGURATU, TERROR IN THE CRYPT, DABET O'NEILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE* and *MARAT/SADE*; The Early Years of Freshfields; coverage of the Second Caricatures (in connection with comic book *Funk*); *The Mississippi 'D'* Edition.



**JOURNAL OF FRANK-
ENSTEIN** — Formerly *Endings*,
supply available of this rare
weekly, founded in 1933 by
Henry of Guernsey, humor. Glor-
ious from 1935 to present. *Baile's* has
left its mark by different writers
picture-stories on 7TH VOYAGE
OF LINBAK and MOUSE ON THE
MAGNIFICENT NILL, animated film
from 1936. FRANKENSTEIN and
LARGE, review of Le Penitencier
de Glemme, biography of human
head JOHN ZACHARIS, master
horror assembly—SETUP OF
THE BRIDE OF THE SON OF
FRANKENSTEIN, dated last appear-
ance. *Baile's* 1935. *US* has book
issues of this one will be avail-
able. *Baile's* 1935. *Baile's* 1935.

All copies are mailed flat with strong sealed wrappings. Please add 25¢ per copy for handling and postage. Special DISCOUNT: no extra postage and handling charge on orders of \$15 or more.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN back number dept.

All regular back copies: \$1 each
CIRCLE THOSE COPIES YOU WANT

— 1967 ANNUAL —

No. 4 - No. 7 - No. 8 - No. 9 - No. 10 - No. 12 - No. 13
No. 14 - No. 15 - No. 16 - No. 17 - No. 18 - No. 19 - No. 20

Lined below are members in very short supply. Some will be completely unobtainable unless long. Their prices are inflated because the birds are so rare and supply on hand, while a few obvious ones are available to a very handful. As it always has been, astronomical prices for rarities (extra, in most cases, cannot guarantee condition). Even the copies listed above at our normal back issue rates now sell for several times more when appeared as dealer lists.

That's #12 in my Mudville these days at the sad news that CoF No. 11 is all sold out. But, can't say you weren't warned. Now only Coast Greedle can help out, making their available at simplest (and a copy (he's otherwise a crazed dealer—once a normal, average greedy dealer—whose teeth are sharp staples and he floats on collector's blood). And unless overlooked (kept hidden in some dark, far-away warehouse corner box up, it looks the end of all *Journal of Frank*, with Nos. 3 and 6 having a point of total desecration.

CoF No. 1:	\$5	—	CoF No. 3:	\$7
CoF No. 2:	\$3	—	CoF No. 5:	\$2
	CoF No. 6:		\$7	

The JOURNAL of FRANKENSTEIN: \$10.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:

Gothic Castle Publishing Co. Inc.
509 Fifth Ave. - New York, N.Y. 10017

(Overseas: Add 25 cents per copy.)





NBC'S FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY



75¢
No. 21
47522

CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

